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BY SOUL IS LIKE A SOUNDING BARK.

BY J. STERLING.

My soul is like a sounding bark,
With wet sails shivering in the wind;
The sea around is wild and dark,
The hurricane is close behind.

And close before the sullen roar
Of winds and watery pens,
On either side, behind, before,
There yawns a watery grave.

But yet she fears no furious gales!
Can stormy seas o'erwhelm
The pride that fills her sea-worn sails
And honor at her helm?

WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY FAITH WYNNE,

Author of "The Flaxy Leo" Books, &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

Edwin proved an invaluable assistant in arranging wreaths and bouquets and setting the house in order for coming guests.

When night closed in and the gas shed its softening light over paintings, flowers and statuary, the boy, with Ethel's permission, wandered through the beautiful rooms, odorous of fresh cedar, and richly enjoyed the luxury and warmth and loveliness of his surroundings, contrasting them with the pain and cold and hunger of the night before.

The cheery voices of the coming guests cast an indefinable influence over him, and for a time there came to his respite almost a forgetfulness of trouble. But when later in the evening the servants gathered in the hall to take a sly look at the dancers, some strain of music touched a cord of memory, recalling all that he had loved and enjoyed, and—lost, and turning quickly away he sought refuge in the Doctor's office, the only unoccupied room, and there gave vent to his feelings in a flood of bitter tears, but an approaching footstep startled him, and he hastily dashed them away, and turned in a half affrighted manner to face, but Doctor Earle stood in the doorway.

"I hope I have not been needed, sir. I have been here here but a few minutes."

"No, but it is hardly a proper proceeding; a good servant never deserts his post," was the rather severe reply, but as the light fell upon the sad, pale face, and read feeding in the beautiful eyes with the moisture of tears still clinging to their long curling lashes, Dr. Earle's heart was touched with pity, and placing a hand lightly on each graceful shoulder, he looked not unkindly down upon the more flushing face. As if by magic, he was himself transported over a wide gulf, that yawned between the now and then, when he too a stripling like this boy, how in the early days of his orphanage, come to this same house to live with his haughty Aunt Helen, and had wept just such bitter tears of loneliness, as perhaps had stirred the fountains of this child's heart, but it seemed ages and ages ago, since his tears had dried up within him."

"You think me—unmanly I know," said Edwin forcing a smile.

"You will learn to control your emotions, a lesson we all learn by and by. The day will come to you as well as to most of us who battle with the world, when you cannot weep if you would, and you will feel like saying to tearful youth, thank God, bless God all ye who suffer not more grief than you can weep for!"

Edwin looking up into the grave, calm face, wondered if indeed he had ever wept childish tears, and then fearing to desert his post longer he hastened back to the hall and took refuge in Dinah's motherly presence.

"What hallucination possesses me when that boy is near? That I should converse with him as with an equal is too preposterous, and yet he seems to possess a sort of magnetism that I cannot resist! What delicate organization and refined manners he has," thought the Doctor as he watched the boy's retreating form.

The bell now rang and Edwin admitted a queenly creature, who with haughty grace acknowledged to the dressing room. The boy's eyes followed the stately figure, enveloped in luxurious fur wrappings, half concealing, half revealing the shimmer of silk and glitter of diamonds. And when half way up the stairs she turned and bent her face toward him. Her glance was but a brief moment, and yet she felt that time they felt, only half conscious, perhaps, that each life was, in some mysterious manner, to influence the other. A strange shudder passed over the boy and he closed his eyes to dispel the vision of the beautiful woman. A thrill of admiration greeted her entrance to the parlor, but to each homage she was accustomed and received it as her due, and when Dr. Earle's second wife—a fair gloved hand she knew that he, too, in spite of his apparent indifference to female charms was conscious of her dazzling beauty, and she was instinctively aware that his gaze followed her sinuous movements through the throng, and her face expressed no surprise when a flush of pleasure lit up her dark eyes, altho' she regarded as the crown of her triumphs this homage from the cold, hitherto invincible Dallas Earle.

"Dash de Queen of de Lilies!" whispered Mose from his secret post of observation.

"I shouldn't call her a lily," quietly responded Edwin.

"Why, 'aint she as white as one?" said Mose.

"Yes, her face, and her dress too, but, is her heart?" said Edwin, in dreamy forgetfulness of the person addressed.

"Well, no, if it's like other critter's hearts I 'spose it's red," Mose replied, looking curiously at the strange boy, who smiled and gazed yet more earnestly at the handsome couple; in appearance so well mated, and yet what was there in the fair face of this patrician beauty to remind one of a Whited Sepulchre? What in those haughty eyes to suggest a basilisk?

"Reckon before next Christmas we'll have a new missus," said Dinah, significantly.

Edwin turned away, saying within his heart, "No fair and yet no false."

Taking a great pride in the beautiful and bountiful table which his hands had helped to grace, he looked in again to see if some additional charm could be made, and thinking to add spasmodic to the epergne, he went to the conservatory to cut a few more sprays of smilax, and was arrested by a voice and a silvery mocking laugh, as Clarice De Vere emerged from behind a screen of tall plants.

"I trust you may find this paragon worthy of your confidence but behold! Ariel or Angelo and we shall see their wings," she said, waving her emery fan toward him.

"I am going to make a slight addition to the table," he explained to Dr. Earle.

"Very well, Edwin, I believe Miss Ethel trusts to your taste."

"And I hope to Miss Ethel you will prove a treasure trove, my blue-eyed boy, for in this day and generation a servant with light fingers is not hard to find, but one with tasteful hands is indeed a prize. I have heard of your accident, Edwin, and am sure you have a history! When I was a child an old flipsy told, me I possessed the art of necromancy. Look up, child, and let me see what awaits you." And her fair hands rested lightly on his shoulders, Edwin's clear blue eyes were raised a moment in obedience to her command, and then drooped beneath the curious gaze, as he moved uneasily under the touch of her hands.

"Prisoner, I release you, but we will meet under different skies, when the page that seems blotted and blurred now will be easily read." And the would-be necromancer turned away with a laugh, so mocking that the boy heard its echo long afterwards ringing clear and false.

Towards the wee sma' hours the guests departed. Lights were extinguished and the long looked for Christmas birth night party was over, and all slept peacefully, save the stranger within their gates.

CHAPTER V.

Two weeks passed and each day ingratiated Edwin more firmly in the esteem and confidence of the family. To Mrs. St. Leon he had become quite a necessity. To him she had given the exclusive care of the conservatory, and his tasteful hands arranged the bouquets that daily graced the rooms and lent to the house of Rosston its peculiar charm. The intellectual refinement and native talent of this mysterious boy often surprised her, and more than once Ethel had been tempted to ask something of his antecedents, but was always forbidden by a certain air of reticence and dignity which she felt compelled to respect. It was only in the Doctor's presence that the boy seemed ill at ease, and it was quite apparent that he shunned him on all possible pretexts, often eliciting a wondering remark from Ethel which her brother received with a quiet smile that said as plainly almost as words: "I am only biding my time to convince you all that glitters is not gold." And pretty Ethel would curl her lip and toss her head and say:

"Nous verrons, mon cher, nous verrons."

After the round of dissipation during the holidays Ethel paid the penalty with sore throat and general debility. Not sick enough to be confined to her room, she whiled between lounge and rocking chair in loose wrapper and slippers, eating being administered to by loving hands. Aye, priz the blessing, little Ethel, for many there be denied the luxury of love's devices to charm every pain! One evening after the severity of perfect rest from quiet had in a measure worn off, she grew weary of the quietude and cast about in her mind for some meghod of amusement.

"Edwin," she cried, finally, springing toward the bell rope and surprising her aunt into a slight remonstrance.

"Aunt Helen, you won't object to a display of rare home talent, will you?"

"Cela depend,' quietly rejoined her aunt.

"Well, I have just decided to have a parlor concert in which Dinah and Mose will be chief musicians."

"What nonsense, Ethel."

"Not at all auntie, dear. You know how fond I am of negro melodies, and how often I go to the kitchen to hear old Dinah drive her whole soul into 'Way Down Upon the Swanee Ribber,' and I am sure it would be much more comfortable for me in my present state of indisposition to have them come here when I can listen and enjoy, and at the same time repose on this luxurious lounge."

"As you wish," said Mrs. St. Leon, resigning herself to the child's whim.

Edwin answered the bell and was not a little surprised to be the bearer of such a summons to Dinah and Mose, who soon appeared with beaming faces, and when Dr. Earle entered awhile later, Mose with his banjo was throwing all his energies into a lively plantation tune, and without quite comprehending the situation, yet suspecting that it was a gratification of one of Ethel's fancies, he sat down among them with an amused smile and helped to swell the applause succeeding each effort. Dinah followed in a wild wierd song with the usual odd blending of the pathetic and ludicrous.

"And now, Edwin, it is your turn to contribute to my entertainment! You sing" cried Ethel.

"I used to," he replied sadly, as tho' the chasm that yawned between the now and then were wide and deep.

"Then you will suppose you were quite a Methuselah to hear you pronounce that 'used to.' I'm sure it cannot be so long ago that you've forgotten all your old songs?" said Ethel.

Edwin could only obey, tho' the effort required all his strength of will to smother the sobs that were clamoring for utterance.

The sweet south wind tells us no tales of wasted lands, of rugged spots, of sickness, sin or death, nor did the boy's melodious song reveal a sight of the bitter-sweet memories it evoked or of pain, his heart's ever present guest.

"Brave Edwin, your voice will doubtless make your fortune some day," exclaimed Ethel clapping her little hands.

"Let a picayune be on the pianny too," said Mose, and Ethel followed the suggestion by asking him to go to the instrument.

With Edwin music was a passion, and his joy to press the ivory keys once more after a brief time brought forgetfulness, and he played like one inspired by the very spirit of melody.

"Where did you learn to play so correctly?" asked Mrs. St. Leon, quite surprised at the boy's ability.

"At home;" was the hesitating reply, and begged that no one inquired.

"And now the evening's entertainment will be concluded by Mose who will tell us of his escape from his master during the day of slavery," announced Ethel. And Mose, nothing loth to play a conspicuous part, told in his own original manner the old, old story of suffering and of perilous adventure in his pursuit of overland freedom, and finally of the peaceful haven in the family of a Quaker, who aided him to elude his master's search and vengeance.

"Oh Mose, your story always inspires me with a desire to protect some poor fugitive. The one who confers such a boon must indeed be happy," said Ethel.

"Possibly your benevolence may be put to the test before long, dear sister mine. Every paper contains a notice of the escape, not from slavery, 'tis true, but from jail, of a young and beautiful girl who had been confined for some time, charged with homicide. Could you not in some manner contrive to appise her of your desire to shield her from the penalty of the law? The detectives I've no doubt are even now on her track."

"Dallas, how can you suggest anything so horrible as our harboring a murderess!" exclaimed Mrs. St. Leon.

"If she came with a pitiful story doubtless Ethel's womanly heart would cause her to forget the sin in her pity for the sinner; women are creatures of sentiment, not justice, and if perchance, having taken to her bosom this forlorn and beautiful girl, she should waken some night to see her stalking about the room crying, 'And will those hands never be clean?' she would tell her to lift those hands in prayer, and though twenty times dyed in blood the merciful God would cleanse them, and the arch traitress would obey, professing sincere penitence, and then with the hand just lifted in prayer she would strangle the one to whom she had thus betrayed her secret! Ah, how little you know of the ways that deceive, beloved in as you are from all knowledge of the world's business (and how necessary it is to be wary!"

"Pray cease, Dallas; you make my flesh creep" said Mrs. St. Leon.

"Please remember that I have had no opportunity to speak; Aunt Helen, do not dismiss the subject until I ask Dallas what he would do, if a young friendless girl should appeal to him for protection? Would you spurn it, Dallas? even—if she were no older than I."

"Yes, little sister, even if it were you, I would not screen you from a just punishment. Each one must suffer the consequence of his or her own acts, and the sooner that law is learned the sooner we shall have peace on earth." And the solemn cadence of his voice carried the conviction to listeners that he would not swerve one jot nor tittle from the side of justice.

"Oh, Dallas! how cruel that sounds" said Ethel, perching upon her brother's knee, and burying her hand in his curling hair she give it a vigorous pull, adding, "I shall never believe in your love again."

"Yes, Ethel, you will, you know as well as I, that it would give you an inexpressible sorrow to see you suffer and know that I could have averted it," he said, as he drew her close to his heart.

"Laws a mercy grac'ous! is ye skeered Edwin? Ye look like yit need a speak, shouted cried Mose directing attention to the marble white face that seemed trying to shrink away from the light.

"I am sick," he moaned, shading his face with his trembling hand. Ethel sprang towards him, but he waved her off.

"Come into the office, Edwin," said Dr. Earle, and the boy followed with uncertain step. As they entered and stood for a moment under the full blaze of the chandelier the Doctor's glance fell upon him again and he took the soft, delicate hand? in his, tracing abstractedly the blue veins in his slender wrist. Suddenly a keen suspicion darted like an electric spark through his brain! He examined the slight form more critically than he had ever done. A strange light leaped into his eyes.

"My God!" he exclaimed, as he caught the falling form and bore it to a lounge.

The swoon lasted but a moment, and then the sad eyes opened again and rested imploringly upon the face bending over her.

"So young, and so rich! how dare you impose upon the confidence and kindness of respectable people?" Dr. Earle said sternly.

"Have mercy, oh, have mercy!" moaned the sad voice

"You have acted such a lie!"

"Yes, and I know my doom; you will be pitiless" was the despairing cry, that would have wrung a harder heart than Dr. Earle's.

"Not pitiless, child! God forbid, but just," he added sadly, and then held a composing draught to the poor, pale lips. The young girl's embarrassment and agitation were very sad to see and appealed to the Doctor's strongest sympathies. He placed his hand very gently upon the shrinking brow, and the spasm of painful excitement yielded to the magnetism of his touch.

"Well, I will go," said Violet—for it was she the scene with a shudder.

"You must not go out to-night! Go up to bed and sleep if you can this morning, and then we'll determine what steps to take," said Dr. Earle, looking not unkindly upon the troubled face—a face as youthful and as fair as, aye, fairer even than Ethel's, and he clasped his hands over his eyes to shut out the pitiful appeal. But in another instant he sprang to his feet, all the compassion gone from his face, all the tenderness from his voice, as he said:

"I hope that both my aunt and myself will obey our own sense of propriety hereafter, and not yield to the whims of a child who must learn that appearances do not always make the man."

A painful flush overspread Violet's features as she said: "I have done nothing to alone the confidence you have reposed in me, and I pray you do not allow this discovery to influence you to turn away another harmless creature, fearing he or she may prove the imposter you deem me." And there was a mingling of pain and bitterness and pride in her voice as she bound and left the Doctor's presence to seek her own room, but not to sleep. All the horrors of the last few weeks passed in a panorama before her mental vision. The arrest. The jail. The escape, planned by Mehitable and abetted by the jailor's wife. But, standing paramount to all other means of horror came the view that never left her, of the white, ice-encased river, "and

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shocked by the abrupt entrance of Birdie with a horse-ribbon flaw.

"By child, what is it?" said her mother in alarm.

"Oh, I stepped on a man, and he said, come here, little girl, and I remembered what you said, mamma, about strange men stealing little girls, so I just screamed and ran to you."

"Oh! the child rising in terror to her mother.

"What do you mean in stepping on a man, child?"

"Why I was trying to reach a piece of jonquil there, that clung to a limb of a tree, and I was looking up at it, and hit my foot against something that said 'Oh!' and then I jumped and screamed, and he said, 'Why little child, I won't hurt you; come and speak to me' but I didn't; I only ran faster."

"You did right, child, but who can it be?" asked Mrs. Dudleigh anxiously.

"Not some neighbor, perhaps, said Marah.

"Now neighbor! I was not aware of one," said Mrs. Dudleigh, with a shade of terror on her face.

"Did you not know that the haunted house had an occupant?"

"No, no; I hoped it never would have. Indeed, I have encouraged the report that it is haunted, in the hope that it might never be hired. Such a close neighbor would annoy me. Can you describe the person to me, Birdie?"

"Oh mamma; only he had a white finger all covered with blood, and a face white as snow."

"White hair! Ah, well, it might be that——" But Mrs. Dudleigh remembering that she had no confidence checked further utterance to her thoughts, and as her aunt now entered she turned to her, saying in surprise:

"Why did you not tell me there was an occupant of the haunted house?"

"I thought, dear, it would perhaps be disagreeable; you will be delighted among the charitable institutions of my native town."

So ran the eccentric will of Charles Harleston, the rich Indian General. When a young man he had been bitterly disappointed by the woman he loved. This had the effect of inspiring him with an intense hatred for women, that time entirely failed to modify.

The youngest son of his widow was left to a Colonel White, one of his brother officers, with whom he had been for many years. Only this sum of one thousand pounds yearly was declared for his support, Roy.

Roy Dynely, the General's nephew, was a tall, handsome man, with views and ambitions sadly curtailed by his scanty income. He was only a country doctor, and this legacy, strange as were the conditions attached to it, was a very welcome one.

Since the death of pretty Aubrey Dynely, the doctor's only sister, he had lived entirely by himself in a large, rambling old house, near the village of Fernleigh, in Essex. Entirely engrossed by his professional duties, and the study of accuracy to enable him to gain the highest standard name among clever men, the idea of matrimony had never once entered his head. An involuntary smile rose to his lips when the will was read, and he thought how improbable it was that he should ever have to forfeit the newly acquired legacy.

The grim old house in which General Harleston died was left in the charge of an agent, and Roy returned to the little village to Essex. His establishment showed few signs of his increased income, for Roy hated ostentation; an additional servant to groom the horses and drive the pair purchased fulfilled all he had always trudged on foot—were the only outward marks of his increased income, although his poorer patients received many substantial proofs of the young doctor's generosity and kindness of heart.

* * * * * * *

Three years passed quickly by, bringing few changes beyond her every day duties to Roy and his old English custom had found a final resting place. Roy had published a work on chemistry, which gained him a high position among learned men and scientific men.

In a few months he intended to leave the village and take a more extended practice in London. His acquaintance with doctors and professors was there to him into the society of graceful, attractive women, and there among little fear of Roy Dynely ever being compelled to forfeit the fortune bestowed upon him by his uncle, General Harleston.

One day, as he was returning from a round of professional visits, a pair of ponies, driven by a lady, came dashing along the country lane towards him, dragging the tiny carriage after them at a fearful pace.

Roy dismounted just in time to stop the fiery little creatures, and received a shower of thanks from the frightened lady in the carriage. Roy thought he had never seen a prettier face, and had only barely come to reside at Fernleigh. He accompanied her home, and left her with a promise that he would attend a croquet party to be invited to give on the next afternoon.

True to his word, Roy joined the croquet party on the next day. He had only been there a few moments when Mrs. Langton came up to him, accompanied by a tall, handsome girl with dark eyes and rich, wavy brown hair.

"I am so pleased to see you here, Dr. Dynely," said Mrs. Langton. "Let me introduce you to Miss Grey. She has been staying with someone ever since we were school girls. We are so fond of each other," she added, laughingly. "that I cannot consent to a separation even now I am married."

They chatted pleasantly for a few moments then Mrs. Langton went away to receive some fresh guests, leaving Mabel to entertain the young doctor.

Her conversation was bright and clever, without being in the slightest degree pedantic or affected, and Roy carried away with him the recollection that Mabel Grey was the prettiest, the most amiable girl he had ever met.

Mrs. Langton took a great fancy to the young doctor, and invited him to an endless number of croquet parties, pic-nics, and balls.

Mabel Grey was in the habit frequently, his love for the pretty, gentle Mabel increased, and before many months had passed away he determined to seek her for his wife, encouraged by a secret hope that he was not altogether an object of indifference to her.

Cool, self possessed man like Roy, when they come fall deeply in love, are far more eager and impetuous than those who have loved but little, and he soon came to the conclusion that his life would be very blank and imperfect if Mabel was not there to share it with him. Of course, his increased income would suffice for the comforts of Hesleton's legacy. But even this sacrifice would not appear so great if by it he might obtain Mabel for his wife.

Calling at the Grove one day when Mrs. Langton was out, and Mabel alone in the drawing-room, he introduced the subject of his desires somewhat abruptly.

"I have come here to-day, Mabel, for the purpose of saying that I love you more than any other woman in the world, and that you will make me a very happy man by consenting to be my wife."

Mabel glanced up at him with a flush of joy in her lovely face.

"Are you aware, in making me this offer of marriage, that I am only a penniless orphan girl, Roy Dynely?" she said, gently.

"I am quite aware of that," he replied; "but I love you for yourself, not for any fortune you might possess. Are you willing to become my wife, Mabel, dearest?"

"Yes; if I can make you happy." was the answer, accompanied by a look of heart-felt joy.

Then they talked on in their own fond happiness, forgetful of all other subjects, till Roy remembered his fear of fortune, and determined to obtain her yet it is to know.

"I think it only fair, dearest, to inform you, Mabel, that per marriage will cause me to lose the greater part of my income."

And he related to her the story of General Harleston's will.

"And you love me so truly," said Mabel, fondly, "that you are willing to forfeit the greater part of your fortune in order that I should be your wife? Oh, Roy, how can I ever repay you for such devotion? Trifling as I am, may become your wife, and you accept thirty of this world's goods?"

"I love you for your generous confidence, then you can be sure of one thing, Mabel, I should not have asked you to be my wife had I not believed that you loved me for myself alone."

"I believe not," said Roy. And they began to speak on other subjects.

Mrs. Langton was delighted to hear of their engagement, and insisted upon taking all the necessary arrangements for the wedding upon herself. She was full pleased with the knowledge that Mabel had met with such a highly-desirable match as Roy Dynely.

They were to be married in the spring, and about a month previous to the wedding-day Roy received a letter from the late General's lawyer, desiring him that a female relative of the General's had claimed the legacy, and that she wished for a personal interview with Dr. Dynely. Feeling rather amused at this, and at the idea of the woman hating old General's money becoming the property of a woman, he paid a visit to the lawyer's office at the appointed time. Great was his astonishment at meeting there no stranger lady, but Mabel Grey, who was dressed in white.

"What is the meaning of this, Mabel?" he said, wonderingly.

"That you will not be angry with me for not telling you before, Roy," she replied. "I wanted it to be a pleasant surprise. I am General Harleston's niece, and the money you so nobly forfeit in making me your wife deserves to be yours."

"How can this be?" said the astonished Roy. "You must explain it all to me, Mabel."

"My mother married a poor curate," replied Mabel, "and from that time her family refused to notice her, but I have heard her speak of her brother, General Harleston, as a strange and eccentric man. I knew nothing of his death or his will till after my mother's death, and then I found it all to me, and I found we were cousins."

"What a strange coincidence," said Roy; "as yet I can hardly believe in it."

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OUTWARD BOUND.

Floating, floating, from down to dusk,
Till the pearly twilight dim
And the lights begin to peep from the sapphire sea,
And cloud all the sunset's splendor.
Floating, floating, with sudden stare
Soon to float in a sea overhead,
And country thrill from a thousand hearts
Above strange, and purple, and red.
Till we might be sing out from the sea of life,
The sensation of passion, the storm-winds of strife—
Out into strange, mysterious space,
Till the small ship's bell be a tinkling place,
And the sailors are dead.

Drifting, drifting to lands unknown,
From a world of love and care,
From a world of pleasure and pain,
And a land that is waiting there,
Only shall outlive (O watch deep!)
Some one to that haven unknown—
Some one to the lonely land that waits
To be forever my own.
Till we drift way from the sea of life,
Till the small ship's bell be a tinkling place,
And the sailors are dead.

Out into strange, mysterious space,
Till the small ship's bell be a tinkling place,
And the sailors are dead.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Romantic Adventure—A Fair Face in a Yellow Chariot.

A bachelor still young and well-to-do, is, for obvious reasons, an object of the deepest interest to his friends of the opposite sex. Lord Heathcrinion was as popular with ladies as if he had been a spirit rapper, or a Hindoo potentate, with diamonds to scatter broadcast and a supposed bequest in the background. He never was always telling him that it was a sin and a shame the blinds in the town house should be constantly down; the hall filled only with shooting-parties; the jewels buried in the strong room at the bank.

And his heart! What a priceless jewel was that for some sweet maiden to win and wear! Snared affections? Ridiculous prudery! He had been a desperate flirt in his day, every boat-ter! All men were flirts; many with less excuse than Lord Featherstone, who, as an excellent parti, like the Sovereign, could do no wrong. He had been sifted, people said, and might be wild and yet not wicked; while for those who are their own fathers, enjoying their own titles and their own estates, the world makes ample concession. When the time came for settling down, there would not be a happier or more fortunate girl in the three kingdoms than she whom the Marquis of Featherstone elected to make his wife.

Only he would not settle down. He meant to have his fling first; and probably it was his habit of throwing himself about that made him so difficult to catch. He was as wary as an old orchestra-player to cut himself free from the most serious entanglements.

After making hot love for a week during wet weather in the country house, rings and mantua, and that he had broken his leg in two places, or that typhoid fever had laid him low. His last affair was with a gay widow, who thought him safely hooked; but at the last moment he sent a postcard, conveying brief regrets, and sailed in his yacht for the South Seas.

He was absent after this for two or three years; but presently, wearying of the constant wandering in out-of-the-way places, he returned, and took up the threads of his old life. The season was at its height, if that ingubrious season of 1876 can be called at its height which was dead level of ingubrious dullness. His friends said he was a fool to come back. Never had there been a season so "slow;" nothing going on—not a creature in town.

"Looks like it!" thought Lord Featherstone, as he tried to make his way through the serried ranks upon the stairs in a certain mansion in Grosvenor-square. The Duchess of Wiltshire was "at home," and many of her guests wished they could say the same. In the entrance—hall men and women stood a dozen deep, pressing close to the bottom of the staircase, where two streams clashed together, flushed dancers coming down for cooling drinks, and the new arrivals eager to bow their bow, and in their turn come away.

A crush of this kind is especially favorable for the minute observation of one's fellow creatures. Half a minute was enough to solve the mystery of Mrs. Chrounce's yellow hair, and of the complexion people said was like milk. Little Penteagle's wig, again, could not be disguised, nor the high color which old General Bawstock resolutely denied was rouge. Into these sights, although curious, were not enthralling to a man who had just seen Fusiama and the Taj Mahal; and Lord Featherstone was on the point of turning tail and leaving the house when a bright face in the crowd arrested his attention, and he resolved to stay—at least until he could ascertain to whom it belonged.

It was quite a new face to him; the face of a girl still fresh, and seemingly unaccustomed to the town. A merry, piquante face, with small but perfect features, violet eyes, and a laughing mouth which showed a set of white teeth. A face strikingly beautiful, but innocent and childish, just as the ways of its owner were unconventional and unconstrained. A most bewitching, captivating young person was Fenchurch, and Featherstone was determined to find out who she was. Surely some one could introduce him.

Quite half an hour elapsed before he caught Tommy Cutler, who knew all the world, and then, going to where he had last seen the girl, they found she had disappeared.

"Most provoking!" he said. "Can't you tell me who she is?"

He had been riding on at a sharp canter, which increased, as he left the more frequent parts of the Row, to a hand-gallop.

But an unexpected vision suddenly arrested his course.

"By Jove! That face again!" Yes, the girl he had seen but a few nights since; the fair, fresh, young face which had taken such hold upon him. She was alone, seated in a quaint old fashioned yellow chariot, a rumshackle unequivocal conveyance, probably as old as the hills.

But where had she come from; who could she be? He was determined to find out this time.

The carriage would doubtless travel by the conventional route across the serpentine bridge, and back to the crowded drive.

But, to his surprise, the chariot passed out at the nearest gate, and left the park. There was no time to lose. He pursued promptly, along Oxford street to the Circus, up Langham Place into Portland Place, sharp to the right by Wigmore street, into Albany street, and so to Park street.

What could have brought this young lady so far out of town? Business, pleasure, or mere desire for a change? Lord Featherstone was still debating, the carriage stopped short in front of a modest cottage. Presently an old gentleman issued forth and assisted the girl to alight. She was not so fast, man, and as she went into the house she said loud enough for Featherstone to hear, "In an hour's time, Gregory;" then she disappeared. Under her arm was a pile of music and water bound an unmistakable color book? Of course, she had come out for a drawing lesson; equally of course, when it was over, she would return to town.

Riding slowly to and fro, Featherstone waited while the time slipped by. The chariot, which had gone no further than a neighboring "public," returned, and drew up in front of the cottage. Presently the young lady accompanied by her drawing-master came out, shook hands, jumped into the carriage and was driven off.

Then, for the first time, Featherstone became aware that the coachman had been drinking, and was almost too unsteady to sit upon his box.

The coachman's erratic course soon proved that there was some ground for these forebodings.

Very soon too the coachman attracted attention and much derisive chaff. "Where's that garden sake?" who put you on the box, Mr. Bottlemaker?" "Why don't you buy a mangle?" "Run chimney-sweep!" remarks calculated to raise the ire of the lobolous, and which our John resented by glaring around in speechless semi-comical indignation, to the further and more perilous neglect of his driving. It was really time to interfere. Featherstone rode up rapidly.

"You're not fit to drive! You're endangering this lady's life. Here," he turned to the ubiquitous "Bobby," "I'll give this fellow into custody. Take him, carriage and all. My name is 'Lord Featherstone.'"

"And pray what is he become of me?" said a small voice, a little tremulous in its tone, but not without asperity. "Am I to be given into custody too?"

"A thousand pardons. My interference would have been unpardonable but for the gravity of the situation. If you will but tell me what you wish—"

"To go home of course, as soon as possible. My aunt will be in terror."

"This rascal cannot drive you; he won't be fit for hours."

"I certainly shall not wait hours. I must walk—or find another coachman. O Gregory," she looked reproachfully at the old reprobate, "the last time you promised to take the pledge; and yet now—"

"O Miss Lisa," he spluttered out, as if quite alive to the enormity of his sins, "the brew was good, and I'd so long to wait—"

"If I might make so bold," said S 1,002, "there's a number of livery stables at the Choquers. You might put the carriage up, or get another driver there."

A very sensible suggestion, adopted forthwith.

The chariot was conveyed thither in safety. Featherstone dismounted, then helped the young lady to descend.

"I trust you will have no more contretemps." He spoke gravely. "This new coachman is sober, but he is of course an utter stranger."

There was a shade of misgiving in his voice, which had the desired effect.

"Dear, dear, suppose he too should play some trick. I ought not to have come alone. Aunty said so. What shall I do now?"

"If you would accept me as an escort—"

How deep he was!

"Only too thankfully. But it would be trespassing too much upon your good nature. You have been so kind already."

"My horse has gone lame in two legs."

It was a wonder he hadn't developed navicular luminitis and farcy.

Then I shall be doing you a service, really?" she cried, with animation.

"Distinctly."

Then they got in together and drove off.

For a time neither spoke. Featherstone felt upon his good behavior; he was disposed to be as deferential as to a royal princess.

"Do you think he knows where to take us?" she asked.

"Not unless you've told him."

"Don't you know?"

"How should I? To London, I suppose."

"That's a wide address," and she laughed shrilly. "No, Kensington Square; that's where we live, Lord Featherstone."

He started.

"You know my name, then?"

"Artful young person, why did she not confess to this sooner?

"Of course; I heard you tell the policeman."

"That's well; how may I know yours?"

"Kisa."

Good heavens! Featherstone was near saying, "Kiss? Kiss whom? Kiss her?"

"Kisa Legh; that's my name. It's short—"

"And sweet." Featherstone could not check himself.

"Short," she went on, seemingly unconscious, "for Keziah. We come of an old Quaker family on the borders between Shropshire and Montgomeryshire. My father and mother are dead; all my people are dead. I went to school in France, and now I've come to London to be finished."

She prattled on now, frank, fluent and unaffected.

"And how do you like it?"

"What? London?"

"No; being finished?"

"I haven't got to the end yet. That'll be when I'm married. But there's not much chance of that, yet awhile."

"Why not?" asked Featherstone, highly amused.

"I don't like anybody well enough."

"Perhaps nobody's asked you?"

"You are quite a privileged person, Lord Featherstone, and you have no right to ask me such questions.

"Well, I won't; we'll talk about something different. We're getting into the streets. Do you know this part of London? It's called Kentish Town, because it's in Middlesex."

"I'm not well up in London geography. I'm more at home in Shropshire."

"He's taking us through the Park!" cried Featherstone, in some consternation.

"Yes; why not? I am glad of it. It's pleasanter than the streets."

"O, if you prefer it. Only—"

He was thinking that it was now well on in the afternoon, and the Park would be crammed. For the girl's sake it would be better they should not be seen thus publicly together, and alone. For his own also; few men like to be carted round the drive in a carriage, least of all, in such an antiquated conveyance as this old yellow chariot with its high springs.

"We'll go out at Hyde Park corner, then."

"No, no; I love the drive best. Perhaps the Princess will be out; and I like to see the other people, and you can tell me who they all are."

Like a martyr he succumbed. It was best to put a good face on the matter.

Before night it would be all over London that Beau Featherstone had turned into a chaperon for country cousins, or that he had been taken captive by a fair face in a yellow "shay."

As he walked homewards, full of these thoughts, he ran up against Tommy Cutler, near the Albert Hall.

"Hallos! been in Kensington squire?"

Featherstone visibly shuddered. Tommy Cutler knew all about it, then, already.

"Saw you in the Park, my lord. Understand now why you were not at home the other day about flaxen hair and bright blue eyes, and only seventeen."

"Don't be an ass!" cried Featherstone angrily. "Hang the season!" and his lordship drove on to Brooks's.

"Here is Featherstone himself," said a man, in the bay-window; "we'll ask him. I say, they've bottled it before they've started a yellow chariot, and were seen in it in the Park."

"Did you pick it up in Japan?"

"Is it the coach Noah drove home when he landed from the ark?"

Featherstone abruptly left the room. The absurd story was evidently on the wing. More serious was the next outburst.

"You ought not to have done it, Featherstone," said old Mr. Primrose, who had been his father's friend, and presumed therefore to give the son advice. "You have compromised the girl seriously; and she is such an absolute child."

"Excuse me; I am not called upon to give account to you of all my actions."

"You ought not I repeat, to have appeared with her thus publicly. It was bad enough to take her down to Richmond, but to put your arms round her waist openly in the Park—"

"Really, Mr. Primrose!" Featherstone's face flushed, but he restrained himself.

He knew gossip grew like a rank weed, and he would do not up this scandal at once and kill it outright.

"I may as well tell you at once; that young lady is about to become my wife."

"Featherstone, I beg your pardon, and I give you joy. I knew something of them Legh, not your wealthy, but charming people. I was heartily glad to think this girl has done so well and so soon. Is it to be announced at once?"

"Well, not exactly at once," said Featherstone, thinking he had it would be as well to consult the young lady herself. Of course she would say "Yes," but as a matter of form he ought to ask her.

It was quite with the air of the grand seigneur that he presented himself next day in Kensington square. To his surprise he was not very well received.

There had been a scene between Keziah and her aunt directly the former re-entered the house on the previous evening. The girl, without attempting to withhold one iota of information, had given her aunt a full account of what had occurred—the coachman's indiscreet, the danger only averted by the timely intervention of a strange gentleman, who had kindly escorted her home.

"His name was Lord Featherstone."

"That wretch!" instantly cried Miss Parker, an old maid, prim and precise in her appearance and in all her ways, yet sardonical in listen to at least half the scandalous gossip in circulation through the world.

"Do you know him, Aunt Parker?"

"Who does not? He is a notoriously wicked man"—

"I thought him very nice." Keziah spoke defiantly and very firmly in defence of her new friend.

"Of course you did. He can be most agreeable. I have heard that of him over and over again. That's the danger of him."

"He was so kind and obliging. He told me who everybody was in the Park."

"Can it be possible that you were so mad as to go into the Park with him in the afternoon, when it was crowded, when hundreds must have see you together?"

"Of course we came through the Park together: it was the shortest way home. I cannot see any great harm in that."

"It's not likely; you are so young and inexperienced; you can see no harm in anything. But he knew the mischief he was doing, only too well. The wretch, the wretch!" Miss Miss Parker would have been glad to see wild horses tear him limb from limb. "However," after a pause, "you must promise me faithfully that you will never speak to him again."

"He said he would call to just inquire how I was." Keziah said, in a low voice, which might easily have meant that she hoped he would not be told peremptorily to go away.

"I will see him if he comes," Aunt Parker finally replied. "It is not fitting he should pursue his acquaintance with you, begun as it was under such questionable auspices."

And in this decision Keziah was forced to acquiesce.

When, therefore, after some delay and demur, Lord Featherstone was admitted to Aunt Parker, her manner was perfectly arctic. She sat bolt upright, with a stony look in her eyes and only frigid monosyllables on her lips.

"I called," said his lordship, with much aplomb, "to see Miss Legh."

"Yes?" Aunt Parker asked, much as though Lord Featherstone was the bootmaker's man, or had come to take orders for a sewing-machine."

"My name is Lord Featherstone."

"Is it?" He might have been in the habit of serving a dozen times every twenty-four hours, so utterly indifferent and incredulous was Aunt Parker's tone.

It was my good fortune to be able to do Miss Legh a slight service yesterday," he went on, still unabashed.

"A service?" Miss Parker waxed indignant at once. "I call it an injury—a shameful, unjustifiable one, which, for the honor of Featherstone, although I apprehend it is not much in his line, should blush for very shame."

"Really, madam"—he hardly knew whether to be annoyed or amused—"I think you have been misinformed. Probably but for me Miss Legh's neck would have been broken."

"I know that, I know that, and I almost wish it had, sooner than that she should have so far forgotten herself." Miss Parker looked up suddenly and sharply, saying with much emphasis, "O Lord Featherstone, ask yourself you are, or ought to be, a gentleman, at least you know the world by heart—was it right of you to take such an advantage? Did you think what incalculable harm this foolish, thoughtless action of yours—which is certain to be made by malicious tongues—may work against an innocent, guileless child?"

"I know I was greatly to blame. I ought to have known better. But if I see Miss Legh's own wish to go through the Park, and I gave way."

"How noble of you to shift the burden on to her shoulders! But we will not, if you please, try to apportion the blame. The mischief is done, and there is no more to be said, except to ask you to make us the only reparation in your power."

"And that is—?" he looked at her in surprise. She did not surely mean to forestall him, and demand that which he came to offer of his own accord?

"To leave the house, and to spare us henceforth the high honor of your acquaintance."

"That I promise if you still insist after you have heard what I am going to say. I came to make reparation full and complete, but not in the way you suppose. I came to make Miss Legh—and if she and you, as her guardian, will deign to accept of it—an offer of my hand."

Little Miss Parker's face was an amusing study. Her lower lip dropped, her eyes opened till they looked like the round marbles on a solitaire-board.

"Lord Featherstone, you?"

"I trust you will not consider me ineligible; that you have no objection to me personally beyond a natural annoyance at this silly escapade."

"It so sudden, so unexpected—so so . . . Poor Miss Parker was too much bewildered to find words. Her mental thoughts agitated her. This was a splendid offer, a princely offer. Matchmaker by instinct, as is every woman in the world, she could not fail to perceive what dazzling prospects opened for her niece. But, then, could any happiness follow from such a hastily concluded match? These latter and better thoughts prevailed.

"I am overwhelmed. It is out of the question, or at least you must wait. Say a month or two, or till the end of the season."

"The engagement ought to be announced immediately. Keziah is of age."

"And that is your real reason for proposing? Lord Featherstone, I retract my harsh words; you shall not outdo us in generosity. We cannot accept your offer, although we appreciate the spirit in which it is made."

"I assure you, Miss Parker, I esteem Miss Legh most highly. I like her immensely. I am most anxious to marry her."

The bare possibility that he might be refused—he of all men in the world—gave a stronger insistence to his words.

Miss Parker shook her head.

"No good could come of such a marriage; you hardly know each other. You say you like her, perhaps so, but can you tell whether she likes you?"

"At least let me ask her. Do not deny me that? I will abide by her answer."

There was no resisting such pleading as this.

"I may prepare her for what she is to expect?" asked Aunt Parker, as she moved towards the door.

"No, no; please, do not. Let me speak my own way."

He did not distrust the old lady, but the might misunderstand Keziah with her views, and prejudice her against him. It was becoming a point of honor with him to succeed, and he thought he could. He was no novice in these sentiment eye how he had often held the victory in an issue more difficult than this in his grasp, and all he wanted now was a fair field and no favor.

"Aunt Parker said I was never to speak to you again," Kiss said, as she came into the room, with an air of extreme astonishment; "and now she sends me to you of her own accord! What does it mean?"

"It means that I have something very particular to say to you."

"You are no worse for your drive, I hope?"

"Is that all? You I am ever so much worse—in temper. You should have heard Aunt Parker go on! Did anybody scold you?"

"I escaped any very serious rebuke—except from my conscience."

Dear me, Lord Featherstone, you make me feel as though I were in church. Was it so very wicked, then, to help me in my distress? I thought it would be good of you."

"The simple but italicized earnestness was very taking.

"No, but people are very censorious. They will talk. They are coupling our names together already."

"Does that annoy you?" Her air was candor itself. Do you mind—very much?"

"Well, perhaps not very, very much. It can do me no harm."

"I am glad of that."

"But, it may you, and it ought to be stopped."

"Of course; but how?"

"There is only one way that I can see. Let us have only one name between us. I cannot very well take yours. Will you take mine?"

"Why—why—" A light seemed to break in on her all at once. "O, what a funny man you are! That's just the same as an offer of marriage. You can't mean that, surely? It would be too—quite too—absurd."

"I don't think it absurdity," said his lordship rather gruffly. "Were well meant overtures ever so shamefully scorned?"

"O, but I do!" Keziah's little foot was tapping with the fringe of the hearthrug. "I do. That is, if you are in earnest, which of course you're not."

"But I am in earnest. Why should you think I'm not?"

"You don't know me; you can't care for me. You never spoke to me till yesterday. You are only making fun, and it isn't fair. I wish you'd leave me alone."

Her eyes were full already.

"I am to go away, then?" That is your answer?" She hid her face in her hands and would not speak. "You will be sorry for this, perhaps, some day." She shook her head most vigorously. "Keziah Legh, you are the only woman I ever asked to be my wife. I shall never ask another. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

And Lord Featherstone, with a strange feeling of dejection and disappointment, left the room. He could not have believed that within this short space of time he could have been so irresistably drawn towards any girl. Now he was grieving over his failure as though he were still in his fancy.

Presently Aunt Parker came in and found Keziah sobbing fit to break her heart.

"I don't want him! I don't want him! He can go away if he likes—to the other end of the world."

"Then you have very ill-used, my sweet? What did he say to you?"

"He asked me to marry him," she said, with difficulty, between her sobs.

"Was that such a terrible insult, then?"

"It was only making fun. I don't like him at all. I don't want to see him again, never, never, never, not as long as I live."

"Then, as you are right to consult your own feelings in this. But Lord Featherstone was in earnest, I think, and his intentions de him infinite credit."

"Then she told her niece what had passed.

"Still, if you don't care for him, it is best as it is. Dry your tears, Kiss, and think no more about it."

"But I think I do care for him," she said, and began to cry again.

Lady Carstairs became very much exercised in spirit as the days passed, and yet nothing positive was known of Lord Featherstone's intentions towards Miss Keziah Legh.

She made many futile efforts to meet him, then she called and sounded the ladies in Kensington square, with whom she was moderately intimate. They put back her cross-examination mildly but effectually. But at last she met Featherstone face to face, and attacked him at once, "Your high-flown sense of honor did not bear practical test, then?"

"How so, Lady Carstairs?" His coolness was provoking.

"Why rush off to Central Africa, except to escape matrimony?"

"Am I going to Central Africa? Perhaps I am. Why not?"

"Can it be possible that she has refused you?"

"Who could refuse me, Lady Carstairs?"

"No; but do tell me. I am dying to know."

"You must find some one else to save your life, then."

"Oh, Lord Featherstone, we shall see you once more before you start? You will come and dine with us? Just to say good-bye."

"I will dine with you with pleasure, but not necessarily to say good-bye."

He could not well escape from an invitation so cordially expressed, and the night was fixed, but his little thought what malice lurked beneath.

The party was a large one, and he, as was often the case, very late. But he entered gaily, as if he had come to the minute, shook hands with the hostess, bowed here and there, nodded to one friend and smiled at another, then, last of all, and to his surprise, his eyes rested upon Kiss Legh.

Lady Carstairs had done it on purpose, of course; that was self-evident. Unkind, unfriendly, ungenerous woman. For him—he did not care, but for her—she was cruel upon the timid bird-like girl, so new and strange to the world. But fast as this conviction came upon him, yet faster came the resolve that Lady Carstairs should make nothing by the move. A fit, then, could any happiness follow from such a hastily concluded match? These latter and better thoughts prevailed.

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LONG BRANCH.

Long Branch, July 17, 1877.

Now is the summer of our discontent made cool as winter by the salt sea breezes, and the sun-hot sun that afflicted us so, in the deep bosoms of the ocean buried. If young's be the same complaint, you our prescription and you're well again. If, however, you find any peculiar gratification in secreting corn-rust of body and mind, and in hiding from us, don't read this letter, and you'll never know there's a place where a hot day is never known. Yet such a place there is, and it is to be found on the map as Long Branch. Down here "one might never guess the season of the year were it not for reading daily in the newspapers articles headed "Death from Sunstroke," "Death from the Heat," etc. Such mild reminders as these make us doubly appreciative of the luxurious bestowal under us and having now. As I write, I find it calls more into play physical than mental labor, for, I am compelled to concentrate all my strength, on my nothing of three inches of paper weight, to prevent the "gentle zephyrs" from scattering it to the four winds of heaven. But who would shut out the summer breeze? No. Better leave the windows up and practise gymnastics on a chair of feather beds than be the unhappy victim of the oppressive stricken behind "Death from Sunstrokes."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA
1821

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SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 4, 1877.

FIFTY-SIX YEARS OLD TO-DAY.

Fifty-six years ago to-day, on August 5th, 1821, the SATURDAY EVENING POST first saw the light, and its initial number was sent out to receive the verdict of the public. The history of its long and varied career, from that period to this, is full of interest, showing, as it does, that a family paper, conceived in the proper spirit and carried on in the proper style, will be adequately supported by the reading community of this country.

Of course the POST had its struggles in the outset, but, as soon as its aims and merits were appreciated, it met with cordial and earnest friends, who hastened to give it their countenance and aid. From that period to this the POST has been an institution in journalism, and has circulated from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, until its name has everywhere become as familiar as a household word. At this hour "the oldest literary and family paper in the United States" has a place in hearts that the passing years have only tended to strengthen.

As we said in these columns last week, at the commencement of our fifty-seventh volume, the POST has never pandered to vicious tastes in literature, but has invariably given its readers matter of the very best and most healthful description, shunning so far as possible the sensational and morbid. In other words, the POST has always been a paper for the home-circle in all that the words imply, a paper that parents have never been afraid that their children should read.

Since its foundation, the many proprietors of the POST have ever employed the best literary talent procurable, and to its columns some of the most noteworthy writers of both this country and Europe have copiously contributed, among them the co'n'or'l Edgar Allan Poe, who wrote for it his famous prophetic analysis of Dickens' "Barnaby Rudge," which he founded on the opening chapters of that renowned romance.

To-day the POST fully maintains its enviable reputation of the past, and in its old age is hale, hearty and vigorous. Its present management have determined that its course shall be still upward and onward, and, with this view, no exertions will be spared to render it a model for imitation in the ranks of literary journalism.

Since the POST has been under our control, it has shown most encouraging signs of even surpassing its ancient prosperity, and hundreds of its oldest patrons have extended to us the hand of cordial welcome. To our old and new subscribers we would say that it shall be our constant study to furnish them with a paper with which they may always be thoroughly satisfied.

In the compass of a brief editorial like the present we have not the space for a full account of the POST's history. We are, however, preparing a detailed article on the subject for publication in an early number.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

It is not possible within the narrow limit of a newspaper article to speak fully upon either the merits or defects of this truly great man. He was a writer who was so sincere at one time as to cast an odium upon the appreciation of the English public. Yet to-day he rises to a wealth of fame not enjoyed by any fiction-writer of his time in the English tongue. One great Frenchman, Balzac, an author who was nearly contemporaneous with Thackeray, was his superior, and his superior only because he dared to touch the slime of the social depths of vice, which Thackeray was too pure-minded to do. This is the only superiority of which the Frenchman can boast over his English peer, if this can be called superiority, a point of literary territory. Thackeray is the English Balzac.

But what we mean that he thought human unworthy of exposure. He was hated in the clubs and lionized in the social circles. He was pronounced a cynic. The snobs used to look for his "Book of Snobs," and members of his club used to say: "Confound Thackeray; he's too wise a man." That hits the point exactly. Thackeray was too wise for them. For those who closely housed their inner beings from sight through and through, he was kindly, more genial, more human, more or better man ever lived. When Makepeace Thackeray died like a grain an half of wheat, Thackeray himself

humanity, but he also, like a student of natural history, was fond of studying individual traits of the species. Thackeray is called a hater of women, and, to put it the reader only takes the trouble to read "Pendennis" (it is not much trouble), he will find at least two charming women, painted in the most beautiful manner. Pendennis' mother and Laura are exquisite. Then in "Henry Esmond," the true and noble heroine is the scamp's wife. In a little story of his called "The Rencounting," he paints a sweet and unselfish woman, and in this he imitates nature constantly. He painted what he saw. He does not call every woman a devil or an angel. There are differences. Balzac does the same thing, and while he paints the revolting and disgusting aspects of the sex (which Thackeray never was low-minded enough to do), he portrays absolute angels, as far as earth is concerned. Read Balzac's "Cesar Birotteau," and notice the lovely character of the perfumer's wife. Read Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," and notice how they differ once between Beatrix and her mother.

All this shows a consummate artist. Not an artist in the sense of mere description, but a higher artist in the sense of soul-painting. Rawdon, in "Vanity Fair," is a rascal; yet how we pity, how we love him. Notice his adoration of "Little Rawdon." Becky Sharp has her good points, and so has that rascally son of the Earl of Crabs, in "The Yellowplush Papers." There has been nothing in literature finer than this latter piece of humor. The tragedy told by the valet in the purest of comedy, the blackness of the human heart shown by the clown. Why talk of George Eliot's labored intricacies called novels, and compare the woman's work with the man's? Could George Eliot write Jeemes Yellowplush? Never. There is the humor of nature, the humor of life in it. There is the sadness, the disappointment, the depravity of life in it. It is a masterpiece. Balzac could never have written it, because the French, with all their talent, have no moral finesse.

Thackeray was thoroughly masculine. He was as pure as fire. He was as fierce as fire. His criticised humanity, and he laughed at it, and yet he liked humanity to laugh at him. Dickens had no love for his kind, despite his works. Thackeray had a deep love. Balzac would be the very man to laugh at you, and yet would put his arms about you and lift you up, and comfort you in the time of need. Read but his works to convince you of all this. The pathos of them will convert you.

Thackeray paints a consistent villain as no one else has done. Read "Barry Lyndon," and see for yourselves what a consummate rascal he can portray—a thoroughly earnest and thoroughly depraved rascal. Read "Catharine," and then read his charming preface to "Pendennis" respecting the conventional villains. There has never been a better villain depicted than Philip's father—a fraud of the first water—a scamp whom we have met very often.

Yet with all this art, there is the fecund humor which cannot be repressed. If we take any author at his best, he decidedly shines best in short sketches. So also does Thackeray. His essays are magnificent. "The Memorials of Gormandizing" out-Brillat, Brillat Savarin. This essay makes one's mouth water. It is as piquant as a salad. His wonderful "Men and Coats" ought to be twenty times longer. The Parisian Sketches are always delicious, and nobody we ever read could equal him in spicy correspondence for a journal.

That he is misunderstood and ill appreciated oft times is to be deplored, but William Makepeace Thackeray stands to-day, as the representative fiction-writer of literary England.

READING FOR CHILDREN.

Whilst we certainly cannot approve of the blood-and-thunder romances of travel and adventure that now-a-days flood the sensational story papers devoted professedly to the boys and girls of the land, we are firmly of opinion that well-regulated, healthful fiction is just the thing for children to read, and believe conscientiously that those parents who exclude it from their home-circles do their offspring a gross injustice.

Children with their imperfectly formed minds, cannot relish the learned and staid writings which interest grown-up people, and, what is more, will not read them, unless forced to, when they become a torment, and lend vastly towards disgusting the youngsters with literature altogether. Now, children, from infancy, have a decided bias for stories, and if not allowed to satisfy their tastes in this particular, under the eye and with the approbation of their parents, will, in nine cases out of ten, seek the enjoyment clandestinely, and thus naturally fall victims to the blood-and-thunder literature of the day that is so plentiful and so easy of access.

A wise parent, far from prohibiting his children from reading stories, will encourage them in it, but will at the same time exercise a thoughtful supervision over all they read. By this means not only is a praiseworthy taste for literature early engrafted on the youthful mind, but the hours and girls are also additionally educated in a thousand different ways, all alike worthy of entire commendation. We say to parents, let your sons and daughters read fiction as soon as they choose to begin, but be very careful what kind of fiction it is.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

WHENEVER there is a hot spell combined with drought the papers of the great cities make a loud ado about the waste of water by private individuals. The Philadelphia Sunday Evening Gazette, in the following article, by a statement of affairs at the Hub, shows that waste of water from other causes than individual carelessness exists at all times: "Some facts are developed that open a new face upon the alleged waste of water with which cities are charged. Investigations have shown that reservoirs always leak, and two per cent. of loss comes from this source. The evaporation from reservoirs appears to be one per cent. in Boston. The underground pipes often leak. Leaks may continue many months without being found; these have been detected which in the course of the whole quantity of water supplied to a city, had quantity to another source of loss. It is not proved at one time that Boston suffered sixteen per cent. of its supply from this cause. It is estimated that a fair consumption for each person, for domestic purposes, is twenty-five gallons a day. The average supplied to cities is fifty-seven gallons a day. The excess, besides the waste, is taken by the manufactories, for street cleaning and sprinkling, for fires, and other necessary purposes. There is a great deal to be gained by careful attention to engineering in laying pipes and constructing reservoirs, as well as in making sure that the plumbing is well executed."

A CONTEMPORARY tells its readers that a Newport gentleman has adopted a form of telephone whose simplicity and cheapness bring it within the reach of all who desire such a convenience. He has made two tin drums, one for each end of the route, which are connected by a linen string reaching from his shop to his dwelling-house, a distance of forty rods. Through the medium of the house can be distinctly heard at the shop, and vice versa. Music from a violin and other instruments can also be transmitted without the loss of a single note.

THE Montgomery Advertiser, in an editorial reviews of the crop prospects in Alabama, this season, says the wheat crop is the largest and best ever raised in that State, affording an abundance for home consumption and some to sell. The corn crop is a fine one, and promises sufficient for home use. The oat crop is also large enough to render unnecessary the purchase of any outside of the State, while the cotton crop, though a little back owing to doing finely now, and promises a large yield, should no disaster overtake it. With their State generally in honest and competent hands and full reign of the leading spirits of the people of Alabama certainly have a prospect of good times before them. This is a picture in great part of the crops this year in the South generally.

THROUGHOUT July, England experienced an abnormally cold spell, greatly in contrast to the broiling weather in the United States in that month. The nights were especially severe, and occasional heavy rains fell. The English crops are maturing very slowly, and reports are unfavorable, both as to harvesting within a reasonable period, and as to realizing an average yield. Rain, of course, adds to the favorable prospects of American grain, because it promotes the scarcity abroad and keeps up prices.

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HOME CULTURE.

VII.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER II.

CALLS AND CARDS.

When compelled to make a formal call,
Merely to oblige a friend,
Whose severed by the party wall
Why, ring (without) the bell.

Well-dressed, well-bred, well-carriaged,
In ticket good enough to pass us readily
Through any door without.—Cowper.

Miss Burney, in her novel of Evelina, says: "I think there ought to be a book of the laws and customs a la mode, presented to young people upon their introduction into public company."

To some persons, such a book may seem unnecessary in America, (however important it may be in English society), for the reason that our customs have so few and so simple that all who have been well trained are supposed to understand them. However,at second thought,it will be remembered that customs are continually changing, and that numbers in America, with large families of children, sometimes allow fifteen or twenty years to pass without troubling themselves about much that is outside of their own nurseries or schoolhall. When the seeming interests of a grown-up daughter demand that the mother should herself return to society, she, finding both indifferent and rusty, prefers to trust the child to the chaperonage of some relative or friend. It does not always happen that the matron whom she selects is capable of instructing her charge, or it might be that it does not occur to her that the young girl given over to her care needs any such instruction.

Again, take young persons of either sex who have been educated in the country, and bring them into the society of a city, what means have they of learning its customs, excepting through dearly bought lessons of experience, which their sensibility might well have been spared had such a book as Miss Burney proposed been put into their hands.

Bulwer says: "Just as the drilled soldier seems a much finer fellow than the raw recruit, so the man who has learned to carry himself, but after a year's discipline the raw recruit may excel in martial air the upright hero whom he now despairingly admires, and never dreams he can rival; so much does the habit into the drill of a capital, and see it a year after; it may tower a head higher than its recruiting sergeant."

It is the constant drilling of parents and teachers, line upon line, precept upon precept, that is needed with the young. The uncultivated who ridicule this drilling, who refuse to observe the forms that the cultivated adopt, not only expose their own deficient training, but their conduct gives increased testimony to the necessity that exists for a more general understanding of those laws of social life, which, upon the large scale, prevent all such things from returning to chaos. Some of these laws of social life, like the laws of civil life, differ in different lands; although not those that are the most essential to the principles of conduct and behavior. Everywhere children are taught that affectation and pretense are vulgarities; that it is a vulgarity to yawn without making some effort to suppress it, or without covering the mouth; to whistle or hum in the presence of older persons, or to make any monotonous noise with feet or hands, beating time, etc., to the music of a piano; to carry an article at the table during meal time, to pick the teeth with the fingers, to cut or clean the nails outside of one's dressing-room, to lounge anywhere in the presence of company, to place the elbows on the table, or to lean upon it while eating, to take hold of persons, or to touch them with familiarity while talking with them, to speak of persons by their first names when you would not so address them if they were present, to acquire the habit of saying "you know," "says he" and "says she," to use slang words, to tattle, to scratch the head, to whisper in company, to talk to the mouth with the hand when speaking, to point at anyone or anything with the finger, to laugh at one's own stories or remarks, to use articles instead of handing them, and to take anything without thanking the one who waits upon you (excepting at table) be it a superior, an equal, or an inferior. Everywhere, also, children are taught that it is a rudeness to stand in the way of persons constantly moving when another tries to pass; not to say "I beg pardon," when you have in any way inconvenienced some one; starting up suddenly and rushing from the room without asking to be excused; going before older persons who are entitled to precede you when leaving a room with them, (unless you are specially requested to precede them), and not rising (instantly upon his return) leaving any one without saying good bye, or giving at least a hurried excuse; any one in conversation; contradicting, pushing, or even coming in contact with another unintentionally, without begging pardon for the seeming rudeness; want of punctuality; neglect to answer notes and letters requiring information promptly; ridiculing others, passing any one whom you know without speaking; and many, many other equally important things which are looked upon in the same light every where. In all cultivated society these breaches of good manners, with many others too numerous to mention, are regarded as vulgarities or as rudenesses. They denote either want of early training, or a coarse nature not susceptible of refinement; for manners are the fruits of mind. Not so, however, with the practice or the neglect of varying social customs, which are acquired either by mixing with the world or by that self-culture which leads a man to keep himself acquainted with the customs of the day. Good birth and good breeding are the privileges of the few; but the habits and manners of a gentleman may be acquired by any man who possesses a desire to add the graces of high culture to those acquisitions of knowledge which he has made in the course of his labors in his calling or profession. They denote either want of early training, or a coarse nature not susceptible of refinement; for manners are the fruits of mind. Not so, however, with the practice or the neglect of varying social customs, which are acquired either by mixing with the world or by that self-culture which leads a man to keep himself acquainted with the customs of the day. Good birth and good breeding are the privileges of the few; but the habits and manners of a gentleman may be acquired by any man who possesses a desire to add the graces of high culture to those acquisitions of knowledge which he has made in the course of his labors in his calling or profession.

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It is the rules for visits of form or ceremonies calls that we now overlook to and which are best adapted to our mode of life. The custom of making formal morning calls is only attributed to because of its absence in our country; calls being, in part, the basis upon which that great structure, society, mainly rests. American men are excused from morning calls because their hours are occupied with business as a general rule; but, in order that they may be remembered by their casual acquaintance and by those with whom they have only a business claim, their cards are made to represent their owners, and are left either by proxy or in person at the respective families or by some acquaintance calling. Many of our men have adopted the sensible custom of calling in the evening, when they wish to do more than leave a card. When a gentleman is not admitted, the first time he calls, whether it be in the morning or evening, he leaves one card for the married lady of the house, one for each of the young ladies over or one and turned down, and one folded across the middle for the remaining members of the family — daughters and sons. Upon subsequent calls, until the year comes around again, he need not leave but one card when calling, unless he prefers to do so; this card so folded as to imply that he left for the family. Should a dinner invitation be calls in person; or, if a married man, his wife calls and leaves his cards with her own, laying the hook following the dinner. If one of the cards bears their names together, as Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith, this card turned down is left for the lady, if she is not receiving; and one, with the husband's name alone, is left for the host. No separate cards of the husband need be left upon the unmarried members of a family, unless one of them has left a card upon him, or their age is such as to require it; or when other exceptions to the general rule make it desirable to do so. In the case of widows and the house, cards must also be left upon them; or, if calling upon guests, where you do not know the host and hostess, you must inquire if the ladies are receiving, and, if they are not indisposed, leave cards for the host and hostess, as well as for the guests; as this is one of the half marks of good breeding. There are many who would like to conform with this formality, who still feel themselves obliged to observe it, because of their early training. There are many others who give evidence of their lack of proper early instruction, by their making use of the house of those who are strangers to them, with as much freedom, and as little courtesy, towards its occupants, as if it were a hotel. It is not a New York custom to leave cards in this way," said a lady. The reply was: "I do not know what the customs of to-day are, in old New York society, but I do know that the old families observe the ceremonies which expect to the required courtesies of life, as they ever did; where their mothers have been women capable of teaching their children those duties that self-respect and respect for the rights of others, require of them."

After an interchange of cards, the acquaintance drops, unless followed by an invitation upon one side or the other. Where a first invitation is not accepted and no reason given for it, other than that expressed in the usual form of regret, as a general rule the invitation ought not to be repeated. Among the people of the highest cultivation it is binding to show one's appreciation of a first invitation by a cordial acceptance, if one desires to keep the acquaintance and by returning that one be controlled to prevent one from going.

Still, circumstances may be such as to make it impossible; and then, an informal note of explanation is necessary.

Such calls as have been enumerated come under the head of general calls; as also do calls that are made upon persons who have been absent from their homes for a week or a month or four, or only for a limited time, as for the summer. In the latter case, those who return first in the autumn, call first upon all on their visiting list, who arrive from watering places and country-seats, calls are made upon those who arrive later. At places of summer resort, those who own their cottages call first upon those who rent them; and those who rent, in turn, call upon each other, according to the priority of arrival; while both those who own and those who rent, call first upon friends arriving at the hotels. In all these cases, exceptions should be made where there is any great difference in the age; the younger then calling upon the older, if there has been a previous acquaintance, or exchange of calls by the mothers, as would remember the English rule. The lady highest in rank makes the first call in England; and here, where age gives precedence, the older lady should call upon the younger, if she has not been returned. When no wedding-cards are sent you, nor the card of the bridegroom, you cannot call without being considered intrusive. In the latter case, those who think the remissness an unintentional one you can place it in the power of some member of the family to make the requisite explanation, which will restore the visiting, if desired, on both parties. When a betrothal takes place, and is formally announced to the relatives and friends on both sides, calls of congratulation follow. Those who learn it by rumor, are not expected to call. The fiance, or bridegroom that is to be, is introduced by the family of the fiancee to their connections and most intimate friends, and her family in return introduce him to those relatives and acquaintances that they desire him to know. The simplest way of bringing this about is by the parents leaving the cards of the betrothed, with their own, left all on their visiting list whom they desire to have the betrothed pair visit. You can never leave cards on the days of weekly receptions, as the family are then at home. It is better to call first, if the day has an inconvenient one, rather upon some other day. If one reception only takes place, and you are not able to be present, cards can then be sent, or a call made soon after, as is most convenient.

Calls are made within the week after a dinner, or after any entertainment of any kind, if it is a first invitation; and within two weeks after a party or a ball, you are bound to have accepted the invitation or not. If impossible to call, a note should be written. In France, those calls are known as "les visites de digestion," and are strictly enjoined; but they make calls on duty for calls in person, after marriages, births and deaths. One month after the birth of a child, the call of congratulation is made by accustomed friends, and more intimate friends call sooner, often to the injury of the young mother and her babe.

Calling hours vary in our cities, beginning as early as 12 o'clock. From two to four o'clock neither the lunch nor the afternoon drive is interfered with, and seems to be preferred by many in large cities. A lady who has no day will endeavor to receive callers at any time. If she informs the will instruct her servant to say that she is engaged, as soon as he is asked if she is receiving; for a visitor once admitted into the house must be received at any room unless she has the wrong or pleasant have gone to the door, and have admitted a caller by mistake, the proper servant may be sent with an explanation, in case where it is of importance to the lady of the house or the family to appear. But care must be taken that no recurrence take place, unless you are willing to be stigmatized as ill-bred.

A lady receiving calls should never leave her without sending down to see whether a delay of a few minutes will inconvenience the caller. Servants should be instructed to return in all instances to the one who is waiting to announce that the lady will be down immediately. They sometimes neglect doing so, from the fact that they think their mistress will reach the drawing room sooner than she can; and then the cause their mistress to appear rude, when necessarily detained for a few moments. Any delay whatever should always be apologized for. If, on sending a card, you are introduced into a room where you are unknown to those assembled, at once give your name, and mention upon whom your call is made. If a gentleman loses the name of the lady whom he has come to receive, he should inquire for you, and the card of a caller upon gentlemen is sent up to you, do not send for the caller to join you in another room, but enter your drawing-room in advance of your own host, and receive him there.

Gentlemen leave their umbrellas, overcoats and overshoes in the hall; but take their hats and sticks with them into the drawing room. It is no longer necessary to remove the gloves. The hat and stick should be never be deposited

promise politeness of heart which leads them who possess it to do as they would be done by, will also lead the possessor to respect the opinions of others; to be strict only with themselves, in the observance of established forms of civility, and to overlook the remissions of all. The most noble natures are the most placable; and those who would act up to their Christian professions in small matters as well as in great, must pay visits they do not love, and invite the negligent, where they are new kitchen maid, is asked to save at the ball, and is not told that the ladies are engaged. The caller is shown into the reception room, and gives his name, "Mr. Harcourt." Bridget repeats, questioningly, "Mr. Hartichoke?" By this time the young man is clever enough to see that he must send up his card if he would insure his name to be given correctly, (notwithstanding the directions given in books of etiquette to the contrary, and which directions hold good in America, only where the callers are well known to the servants.) Selecting a species of card, he hands it to Bridget; and she, remembering her mistress' instructions upon previous occasions, delivers the card upon the small silver tray kept for the purpose on the hall table, thus incurring its detention by the servant in question—not soiled with finger marks. Mrs. Bartlett, taking it, reads aloud, "Mr. Charles Harcourt, Bricket. I hope you said that we are engaged,) Mr. Harcourt, I wish that I could think of having such a liberty, when I hadn't been told to say so."

"I am sure I do not regret Bridget's mistake, since it has led to Mr. Harcourt's call. If you knew he had himself introduced to us last evening, and I would have been very sorry to miss his first call."

"But I dare say he only wished to leave his card, as this is not my reception day," replied Mrs. Bartlett.

"He has been here such a short time, that I am sure he does not know our reception day," said Miss Bartlett; "and Julia, as you have to see him, you can go down with mamma; please make my excuses, as I am going to dress for dinner."

Mrs. Bartlett and Miss Julia, who had just come in from a drive, went down in their street costumes, and found Mr. Harcourt seated, his hat and his stick in his left hand, which he shook as they entered and remained standing until they were seated. Being no monopolist in conversation, and equally ready to listen as to speak, the young man was not long in finding that the call pass agreeably to all; for he has not affected Mrs. Bartlett's nerves by flourishing his cane or twirling his hat. Without looking at the watch, he left in leave; his ladies rise also, and Mrs. Bartlett extends her first invitation to him, in this way:

"We are at home from three to five on Wednesdays, and I hope to see you soon again, Mr. Harcourt."

He thanks her, and leaves the house, with some such reflections as these:

"I fancy the butler has been blundered in admitting me, as Mrs. Bartlett has a day for receiving; and then, too, I noticed that both mother and daughter wore short street suits. I call that good breeding; they didn't keep me waiting while they changed their gowns; and they wouldn't send me down word, after I got in, that they were engaged; as they did the other day at Madame Newriches."

After dinner Miss Julia secured Mr. Harcourt's card and copied his name and direction in the book kept for registering their visitors alphabetically. By so doing she insured his being invited with all brilliant parties sent out for their next general entertainment.

And here,the prediction may be ventured that Mr. Harcourt, having received so courteous a welcome from the Bartletts, will show himself equally courteous by promptly answering the invitation, when he receives it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITERARY NOTES.

The fourth Supplement of the Popular Science Monthly, which has just been issued by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, is a perfect treasury of excellent reading-matter, of course, with a strong scientific leaning. An able paper on the Bible, by Prof. Robert Owen Smith, is commenced, the initial article treating exhaustively and learnedly of "The Old Testament." Frederic Harrison's second paper on "The Soul and Future Life" is thoughtful and readable. Richard A. Proctor writes attractively of "Drifting Light-Waves," his article being literally overflowing with valuable information. The "Effects of Mineral Traffic on English Railways," and "The Ethics of Religion" are interesting papers, and Charles Darwin's "Biographical Sketch of an Infant" will find many admirers. The paper "On the Probable Origin and Age of the Sun" is ingenious and shows deep study and much severe research, and that "On Ice-Making and Ice-Machines" is practical and instructive in tone and matter. The remaining articles are all fully worthy of this capital publication; and, in fact, the POST knows of none better than this that, for the very moderate sum of twenty-five cents, imparts so much profitable knowledge, and in such a pleasant and attractive form.

The American Agriculturist, for August, contains a large amount of unusually interesting reading-matter relative to the farm, garden and household, with the usual full number of well-executed, descriptive engravings. Published by the Orange Judd Company, New York.

The British Quarterly Review, for July, has been republished promptly by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York. We will briefly mention the principal contents. The leading article is entitled "Religion Old and Modern Thought." The writer endeavors to present a fair statement of the method of dealing with religion to mankind, and of the true relations with the question of Christian dogma. Under the title of "The Athens of Thucydides," we have comments on the manner in which that historian, a presentation of the main argument of the History of the Peloponnesian War and a short sketch of Ancient Athens. In the article "Mr. Arnold on Butler," the reviewer tries to himself to combat the criticisms on Bishop Butler's Analogy by Matthew Arnold. Of the remaining articles, that on "The Southern States," a review by the well-known historian Edward A. Freeman, will undoubtedly receive the most attention. The articles on "Dante," "The Italian Poets," and the Dalmatian Alps form the special subject. The Contemporary Literature, which is always well-edited, will prove to the reader well posted on the books of the quarter.

PORTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY.—This very attractive magazine for the family and home is out for August with a splendid variety of original matter and selections, combining History, Travels, Romance, Art, Science, Literature, Fashion, Current Events and Gossip. As an American periodical it should be in every American home, as it is always entertaining and instructive, besides maintaining a moral standard worthy of being copied. The leader for August is the second paper on "Mexico and the Mexicans," beautifully illustrated. The other articles are "European Institutions," "Mexican Antiquities," "Seminoles," with magnificent illustrations. "The Aztecs of Mexico" "Maria Antoinette and Austria," "Ancient Coinage," "Rise and Growth of Civilization," "The Fair Patriot," "Wood and Married," "After a Hundred Years—an Incident," "Quieting and Watching for Diamonds," "My Rival's Portrait," "My Creed," "Evening Gossip," "Answers to Notes and Queries, Current Memoranda, Literature and Art Science and Mechanics, and Gossip and Note Book as usual are freighted with valuable matter, showing the Editorial staff alive to all the issues of the day. Taken altogether, this Magazine is one of the best in the world.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Messrs. S. T. Gordon & Son, New York, the following pieces of new music: "One Little Year Ago," by Lonsdale; difficult song and chorus, with pretty melody and excellent words; "The Cool Old Days Done By," a fairly difficult quartette, with appropriate words and music; and Strauss' celebrated "Perfect Waltzes," arranged for the piano.

From W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio, we have received "Excelsior Polka," by Bellinger; "Rustic Festival Galop," by Bellinger; and "Fairy Dance Waltz," by Bellinger. These pieces are all of medium difficulty, and are very pretty pieces, and well adapted for the use of young players.

PERSONAL.

Senator Ferry, of Michigan, is again very ill.

Patti, it is reported, is certainly coming here next season.

Mr. Wm. Cullen Bryant is at his old Cummington farm.

Hon. Geo. H. Boker has translated Tennyson's "In Memoriam" into French.

The Empress Eugenie has left Spain and returned to her residence at Chiselhurst, England.

Gen. W. B. Hazen is in Washington to receive his final instructions before proceeding to Vienna.

Ex-King Amadeus, who was recently thrown from a carriage and seriously injured, continues to improve.

Mme. Christine Nilsson says she can't come to America for a long time because of pending estates.

The wedding of Mr. Eugene Schuyler and Miss Gertrude King, in Paris the other day, was a brilliant affair.

Mr. John Burroughs, the naturalist, is making his first visit to Boston, Cambridge and Concord, Mass., this week.

Walt Whitman's portrait is being painted by one of his admirers—a young English artist. The poet's health is improved.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has been invited to contribute some prairie eloquence to the celebration of the Saratoga Centennial.

Senator Hill, of Georgia, who has been staying for some time at the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, has departed for home.

Mrs. Moody, the wife of the preacher, is teaching a large class of men this summer in the Sunday School at Northfield, Mass.

Mrs. B. H. Grosvenor, wife of Wendell Phillips and the mother of Mrs. R. S. Storrs of Brooklyn, died last week at Longmeadow, Mass.

Dom Pedro having "done" Scotland has crossed the Channel again, and is now guiding the people of Brussels by his rapid manœuvres.

Mr. Ruskin is somewhat intemperate of tongue. He has had number of libel suits on his abruptly calls Mr. Goldwin Smith "a goose."

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"The last" — "Yes, I've heard it before." — "Never mind, dont stand there."

No one more than Mr. Bartlett is annoyed at the delay in admitting me, as Mrs. Bartlett has a day for receiving; and then, too, I noticed that both mother and daughter wore short street suits. I call that good breeding; they didn't keep me waiting while they changed their gowns; and they wouldn't send me down word, after I got in, that they were engaged; as they did the other day at Madame Newriches."

Mr. Harcourt's card and copied his name and direction in the book kept for registering their visitors alphabetically. By so doing she insured his being invited with all brilliant parties sent out for their next general entertainment.

And here,the prediction may be ventured that Mr. Harcourt, having received so courteous a welcome from the Bartletts, will show himself equally courteous by promptly answering the invitation, when he receives it.

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SUMMER PEAT-TIME.

What wonder that the summer warmth
Is fragrant as the heaven?
What wonder that the summer's spell
Is like a charm of even?
Amid the shadows in the stream,
A lovely rhythm lies,
And constantly the rhythm
It haunts the lilies' cradled dream
That mocks at vanish'd time.

What wonder that the happy birds
Sing on so lend'ly now?
As endless song of endless joy
That never dies away?
They welcome back the summer-time
With all its glorious day,
That glooms on the burnish'd boughs,
And frees the crystal brooks.

I watch the wild'ning circles spread
Where fairy fishes leap,
I see the shadow-haunted nooks
Where water-lilies sleep;
And still my zest forgotten lies,
And hours may come and go,
A coward spell is in your eyes
That holds me under it.

The breezes woo the woodland scents,
The sunbeams kiss the stream;
The earth seems full of wakeful joy,
And life a happy dream—
A dream of glimmering rest and coy,
And tangled gold of hair,
And rosy lips and shyly smile,
And drive me to despair.

Ah, little love! beneath the trees
You're earliest my heart away,
And turn'st to life-long remembrances
My summer-time of play.
I gather up my scatter'd thoughts,
Now woven into rhyme;
So take the verse and take the heart,
For both are wholly thine.

ELAMA,
THE TWIN SOUL.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us."—*Shelley.*

[This story was commenced in No. 49, Vol. 56 Back Numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
IN ARREST.

After uttering these words Sipes ran down the path as fast as he could, leaving the conspirators in a state of bewilderment, anger and fright, for their evil consciences smote them even then. Sipes meeting a young boy at the edge of the path, told him to go with all speed to the house and summon Doctor St. Jean to meet him at the porter's lodge. Then it was that the reporter discovered that somebody was pursuing him, and looking around he beheld the wily Italian Finelli, who had been detailed by the others to waylay the reporter and prevent him from running further trouble. Then Sipes, losing himself in the crowd, escaped his pursuer and hastened at once towards the iron-gated gateway, which closed the carriage path at the end of the copse.

The porter's lodge was described. It was, however decorated and gaily illuminated for the occasion, but the reporter was occupied at that particular moment in brewing punch for the guests and hastily it himself ever and anon in order to produce a superior beverage. Sipes after seeing that the gate was securely locked went into the lodge and waited the Doctor's arrival.

While he was waiting several carriages drove up to depart. Sipes taking a lantern went out and carefully examined the occupants of each vehicle, then unlocking the gate allowed the carriages to pass through to the road.

It seemed an age to him, this interval in which he waited for St. Jean, and he nearly fell asleep at his post, when he was aroused from a slight doze by the approach of another carriage. It was a cab with the blinds of the windows closed. Sipes made a bold move forward, opened the cab door and held up his lantern. He was not arrested in the least.

The six conspirators were seated in the cab.

A flash and a pistol shot which echoed sharply in the neighborhood, roused him to his sense of danger.

Waller had fired at him, but missed.

With an oath, Bettleton struck at Sipes with his loaded cane. Sipes eluded the blow, and seized the cab door with a bang.

"Curse it, open the gate," cried a voice from the inside.

"Cut him down with your whip, driver," cried another.

"Get down and unlock the gate!"

"You are blocked," cried Sipes. "You are blocked."

The driver cut at him with his whip. Sipes ran to the horses' heads and backed them from the gate, the furious coachman all the while striking at him.

Then it was that Waller and Bettleton jumped from the cab and made for the reporter.

It was a desperate and unequal struggle.

They succeeded in knocking Sipes down and giving him several severe blows, then they opened the gate.

At this juncture a crowd of men rushed upon the scene headed by Dr. St. Jean.

Just as the cab was driving off regardless of Sipes unconscious body which lay directly in its path the horses were stopped and the driver pulled from his seat by strong hands.

"You can't leave here to-night," cried St. Jean. "Arrest them all!"

Waller, emerging from the cab pistol in hand, grew pale when he was confronted by a man who pointed a revolver at him and said, "Go back."

"What authority have you for stopping us?" said Bettleton with a fearful imprecation.

"The authority of the law," answered the man still pointing his weapon towards the interior of the carriage.

"The law!"

"Yes, I'm a detective. You're all arrested!"

"Arrested! for what?"

"Never mind, get out, every one of you and dont stand talking. Out with you."

No one spoke.

The detective seizing Bettleton by the collar of his coat dragged him out from the cab and he was then secured by another officer and conducted to the porter's lodge where he was kept under guard of half a dozen policemen. Waller came next, and the detective after a struggle succeeded in wrenching the pistol from the ruffian's grasp.

When Finelli's turn came he drew a long knife on the officer. This assault was answered by a stunning blow from the officer's club and the Italian was pushed roughly into his place of captivity.

No one spoke. The driver was incarcerated along with its others, and then the cab was driven along the path and the gate unlocked and opened to afford egress for the guests who were now departing in great numbers.

Dr. St. Jean during the scene of the arrest was busy caring for Sipes who had been terribly mistreated. The investigatinhible reporter however recovered his senses and spirits in a short time, and his first words were: "I've got them. Don't"

"They're safe enough," answered St. Jean; everything worked well."

The prisoners were utterly dazed at the sudden descent of these occurrences. They were speechless with astonishment. They looked at each other with faces of terror and fury. They now how bitterly they had been brought ingrief, by the frustration of their plans, through the sudden death of the woman who had conceived them. They were terribly desperate. Waller was the coolest among them all. He talked of the law and of how he would revenge himself. Waller was more like a mad man. He cursed and clenched his hands in his agony, and paced the floor and then lapsed into a moody silence.

It seemed so fateful to these miserable men, that they should have so fallen into the snare they had set for others. They had a mob of renegades here in this garden ready to aid them, and yet their hands were tied. Everything had gone wrong.

As the other carriages passed the porter's lodge on their way out, there were many queries as to what was the matter. Quite a crowd collected about the gate, which the officers had some difficulty in dispersing.

Placing Sipes in charge to superintend affairs St. Jean went back to the house were Eustace and Gertrude were in a state of great alarm respecting him.

Eustace and Gertrude were the only truly happy once now in the whole place, happy with each other and happy in the promise of the future. As for Mrs. Burdette she was carried up to her room in a fainting state. The shocks, the disappointments, the excitements of the evening had been too much for her.

Miss Lasso and another guest, a kind hearted lady, assisted by Doctor's sister Bertha, volunteered to stay with the hostess, and they took turns fanning her and administering to her wants. Doctor St. Jean, after prescribing some medicine for her, went down stairs and made preparation to clear the garden of the remaining rabble. This was not easy to do. The mass of waiters and Mrs. Tendrie's retainers were either fuddled with champagne or on the alert for new wants at the supper-table. It seems that upon a certain signal from the illuminated tent—a signal to be given by Waller, namely, the flight of a small rocket—the fireworks were to carry out the plan agreed upon by the woman. That is by the devilish contrivances of Mrs. Tendrie, the lights in the house were to be extinguished and the guests robbed, Doctor St. Jean to be murdered and Eustace and Gertrude, as we have seen, were to have been locked in the conservatory and poisoned. What was the object of all this? The revengeful hate of a furiously crazed woman—a woman maddened by despair—a woman steeped in crime—a woman who had fascinated Mrs. Burdette, controlled Waller and lured her friends on to certain destruction. She cared not what will and demonic things she did on that night to destroy Gertrude and all her circle. She knew she was to escape at midnight, and with her lover Waller and the rest of her creatures, hide herself in Europe. Now this mad, wicked, misguided Mrs. Tendrie never, in her delirium, imagined that she would be followed, overtaken, brought to justice and punished; that the furies of the law would drag her down to answer the terrible Nemesis. She never thought but that she could escape in the dead of night unnoticed. Waller, the steamer, speed to France and bury herself in its gay capital. This was ere her madness culminated to that point which drove her to plunge into the water and end her life.

"Did Waller, Wykoff, the shrewd lawyer, and the rest know of all this?

No.

They had been duped. They were in the dark as to her movements on this night, except as to the escape. When Mrs. Tendrie told Waller to fire the rocket as a signal, she did not tell him that it was to be the signal for a new and weird caprice of her's as to the festivities. She said, "When the rocket shoots through the skies you shall see something wonderful. Set it off at half-past eleven precisely!"

Waller little dreamed that this rocket's glare was to awaken a wretched tribe of thieves into action. He was ignorant of her motive. He thought it but a fantastic idea of a very old woman. Had he fired the signal, he would have suffered with the rest.

So Waller's own parasites and followers had been actually under the control of Mrs. Tendrie, but he knew it not. He still imagined they were his tools, and he vainly essayed to get them to aid him in this unlooked for crisis of his fate.

When Dr. St. Jean, after futile efforts to clear the garden of the loiterers, went back to the porter's lodge, he found the guards there in great trouble.

"What had happened?"

"The birds had flown."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
REVELATION IV.

The Doctor was not at all pleased to hear from Sipes that his prisoners had escaped. Sipes said it had been done very boldly, and that the officers were now in quest of the prisoners.

It seems that the porter's lodge had a window opening into a thick cluster of bushes on the side opposite the door. The prisoners, headed by Waller, opening this window, made a desperate leap, and were out of sight ere the guards could fire on them.

The bushes were searched, but no traces were found. Shots were fired in the vicinity, but no response elicited. Men with lanterns looked all over the garden in this particular neighborhood, but did not discover anything. Then, too, there was the high stone wall which was to be climbed ere they could make good their escape. It was a puzzle to St. Jean how they managed to overcome this obstacle. It was afterwards discovered that Finelli had actually climbed the wall, and by his aid assisted the others to scale it, favored by the thick darkness; and so all of St. Jean's work was at an end, and his plans foiled by the desperate conspirators, in spite of all of his precautions.

"This is terrible!" said St. Jean. "Have you made a thorough search?"

"We have!" replied Sipes. Some of the police are now looking around outside of the wall, but they will not find anything, I'm afraid."

"Did Professor Major set off?"

"Of course he did—they all did."

"They must be found," said the doctor. "There is no use giving up. They must be found. What were the officers doing to allow them to escape in this way?"

"They're responsible," returned Sipes; "and if they're upon hand they'll find them, and if under water they'll find them."

"Well, so this wretched, dismal golgorah of an evening ends in failure! I pity Mrs. Burdette. The festival has ended in death and distress."

And so ended the garden party at Lake Hall. The Doctor, Eustace and Bertha left Burdette's early next morning, Sipes accompanying them as far as the railway station, which leads to the station and here it was that Sipes promised to reveal all in the "Gazette," and attack the Coroner and Professor Major especially in its columns. Sipes also promised to meet the company next evening, and when that evening arrived the indefatigable reporter came up to Newton with a copy of the "Gazette" and showed his report on the situation.

"Nothing has been heard from the prisoners," said Sipes, "except that the Major was seen yesterday on a train bound for the South."

"He was! Who saw him?" demanded St. Jean.

"A spy is my pay, Doc. As to the Coroner, he's cleared out, fearing trouble. He knew he wouldn't be re-elected and so he doesn't care."

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Sipes, let us come to the end of this mystery as quickly as we can. What is the secret of it. How are these men involved?"

"I'll tell you all I know," said the reporter, putting out his note book and nestling accommodingly down in his pocket. "As my unfortunate friend, Mr. Tendrie, is dead, I have discovered that in the first place a lawyer named Wykoff had a man named Waller, who lived him a somewhat by a woman calling herself Tendrie, but whose real name was Marcell. This woman, who was an arrant adventuress, and who preyed upon society both here and in England, after a successful tour on the continent, where she raped in a good many dukes and earls, and closed up the eyes of a good many bankers, and gambled away a good many thousands of pounds at the tables there, she came back to this country, where she had been previously operating in her former name. Assuming the name of Tendrie, she set up in a fashionable style. That was not long in finding one. This was a good-for-nothing rascal, who lived upon nothing a year—as a sort of a genteel tramp named Waller—a hyper-aesthetic who had gone through his fortune left him amicably by his uncle and father, who hoped then to retrieve his fallen fortunes by marriage with a woman of great wealth. The marriage was consummated just about the time that these horses and Hyde men will call her by that name) appeared upon the scene, and saw at once a possible victim to her wiles. She used her best arts to endeavor to coax this Waller from his wife, and so far as lay in her success of theft well known to lawyers of that stamp, and Mrs. Teadrie and he lived for some time in the height of fashion, and Waller managed to drive a dog cart and a tandem. He was in the plan agreed upon by the woman. That is, by the devilish contrivances of Mrs. Tendrie, the lights in the house were to be extinguished and the guests robbed, Doctor St. Jean to be murdered and Eustace and Gertrude, as we have seen, were to have been locked in the conservatory and poisoned. What was the object of all this? The revengeful hate of a furiously crazed woman—a woman maddened by despair—a woman steeped in crime—a woman who had fascinated Mrs. Burdette, controlled Waller and lured her friends on to certain destruction. She cared not what will and demonic things she did on that night to destroy Gertrude and all her circle. She knew she was to escape at midnight, and with her lover Waller and the rest of her creatures, hide herself in Europe. Now this mad, wicked, misguided Mrs. Tendrie never, in her delirium, imagined that she would be followed, overtaken, brought to justice and punished; that the furies of the law would drag her down to answer the terrible Nemesis. She never thought but that she could escape in the dead of night unnoticed. Waller, the steamer, speed to France and bury herself in its gay capital. This was ere her madness culminated to that point which drove her to plunge into the water and end her life.

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SEEDS AND BULBS

[illegible]

This copy was commenced in No. 31 Vol. 86. Back numbers can always be obtained.

For Love's Sake Only.

By the Author of "The Open Fault," "How Julius Led His Chorus," "Katherine's Mistake," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VI.

October is often the fairest month of the year, unless it be wild and wet, and then it is of all months the most miserable. The leaves, but hapless belly, but it penalizes to end with the tropical mild bright days and gorgeously-tinted woods of the Indian summer. October is strange beauty and strange country, and all about Lynn the trees take on strange beauty with each day of dying, and of each succeeding bit the last still seems the loveliest. Now the woodland paths are thickly strewn with autumn leaves, they lie in piles a yard deep along the fences and against the gates; and never in life have they and the splendid coloring they glory in—amber and ruby and crimson—been more beautiful than when the sunlight scatters and tapper-red. It is the bottle fag of death, but it is beautiful all the same.

Sir Rosmond Carlisle thinks, as with garden shears he lops off the dead and decaying flower-beds, as rather, what the intends shall yet be flower-beds. She has worked hard for several days in the neglected garden, tearing away the long lush grass from the flower-beds, pulling up fennel and asters and late roses, and even a dahlias or two, to light from among the weeds and coarse herbage. Hugh has helped her, so has Lynn, but she is not a good hand at a garden. Besides, he is kept very busy just now with parish work. Consequently, left so much alone, Rosmond is glad of this labor of love, although she likes the autumn weather she likes the still, foggy mornings, and the frosty evenings when the blue mist creeps up from the Lynn and blots out the low meadows and the river banks. She has been at Lynn Royal nearly three weeks now, and it is but now dawn that she has not been there much oftener; she is obliged to pretend that she comes down to Lynn to take care of her brother's house, but to get his orderly into order, and that if she does not fulfil her mission she had better return to town.

She does not inform them that her aunt has given up all hope of seeing her or her niece in the month of France without her. This would be putting too powerful a weapon into their hands.

But Frances Lynn is not satisfied with this arrangement. She would have Miss Carlisle always at Lynn Royal if she could. She finds it dull there just now perhaps, there being no visitors in the house or the she has taken a fancy to this turn arts, who has come down to Lynn to take the hearts of the natives by storm—for Rosmond Carlisle counts among those admirers more than the master of Lynn Royal. The Doctor, a young fellow who is considered rather an acquisition in that remote village, and notate, gray whiskered Mr. Jayne, the lawyer and agent—being, in fact, the only two bachelors in the neighborhood—have struck at once to the broadsides of her carefree smiles.

Rosmond's admirers are a great source of amusement both to herself and to Miss Lynn. Miss Carlisle treats the mention of them as she treats themselves, with a certain haughty insouciance which ought to chill them rather, but seems only to irritate their chains. She plays to harmonize and to be sure, but she is not to be or pretends not to see the fixed stare of her admirers as they stand up in their places during music and hymn. She never glances backward from the organ loft to her pew when from the page before her. It is to look at Hugh that other eyes look at her besides the eyes of her lovers, if we they may be called. Her kiss bonnet is a marvel to the rustic, though it is the simplest she possesses; and the length of her black silk sleeves arouse their vague astonishment. The golden fringes of her baby, the dark eyes of her curls, and haughty beauty of her face, do their vassal stare wherever they are visible over the rail of the little gallery. Hugh begins to think he has brought rather a disturbing element into his parish, and to wish he had not asked her to drink cold tea.

Rosmond enjoys her afternoons or evenings spent at Lynn Royal, though she will not allow herself many of them. She likes lawn-tennis, and plays it well, as she does most games that she likes; bagatelle, and the great organ in the music-room, and afternoon tea in Sevres cups painted by Watteau, and rambles through the leafy alleys by the fountain, where she can pull down sunshine glances in through the tall elms, and the green snow underneath is strewn with fallen leaves.

But most of all she likes the winter-garden. This is a favorite haunt of Miss Lynn's, and being warmed to a perennial summer-heat, they find it decidedly pleasant on the afternoons grey and chilly. The winter-garden at Lynn Royal is long and wide enclosure, roofed and walled with glass, light arches of creep-plants span it at intervals below, and great banks of foliage, among which are dotted in the centre of the aisle flowering shrubs and in the corners orange-trees and exotic plants, aloes and cacti and palms, filling the air with their strange foreign fragrance. Here and there among these marble figures stand "The gods with no life to lend," ornate, pale, motionless, silent as the dead, the glint on the brow and breast from the gilded lyre the only figures and forms of myrtle shooting themselves on the white figures.

Miss Lynn very often has tea brought to the winter-garden. The plaster garden-opens into the conservatory, and sometimes even after dinner they go out to wander up and down between the aisles, or listen to the fountain as it falls in marble basins, or to the birds in the trees, or watch the gold-fish in the pond. Rosmond Carlisle likes this kind of thing better than any other amusement, even than dancing, which she loves, or theatricals, which she loves still more. She likes the dim light and the silence and the sweet scents, and the sense of being shut out from the world, and of having only one companion. She likes Frances and wishes she could love her, but she cannot, and never will, and she likes Hugh Lynn, and wishes he were not her brother's friend, and that he would not be so much at Lynn Royal, at least of the more fashion.

She does not plan and dream all the Parisian-ness, because she looks upon her life there as a kind of play, as a taste of Robinson Crusoe adventure, as a new experience. But, if she were to be set down to spend the rest of her life with no, better drawing-rooms than her drawing room and Lynn Parsonage, and with no excitement for the day but the excitement of getting dinner ready for Hugh and Reginald, she would never be for a poor man's wife. Nobody knows that better than she does; nobody is so conscious of the fact as Rosmond Carlisle herself; and nobody is so determined that such a lot shall never be hers, as this spoiled beauty, who knows that she is not good for any amount of rental, and that she has only to say "Yes" to become the mistress of Lynn Royal itself.

She has done a great stroke of business this morning. She has gathered together a great pile of leaves and stones and rubbish, and made the narrow pathway quite neat and has here and there let at least gallons of weeds. The exercise and fresh air have given her a complexion like a peach. Her hat is away on her head, her hands are not innocent of clay and leaf-mould. Throwing down her rake, she gathers some of the rubbish she has collected into a bucket. But how is she to dispose of it? Perhaps she could fling it over the garden-fence in a kind of dry ditch beyond full of such debris. Suiting the action to the thought, she steps on to a strong branch and empties the contents of the basket over the laurel-wall.

"Thank you," says a voice, neither gruffly nor yet laughingly.

Rosmond stretches her neck to peer over. Stepping out a little from the hedge, a man confronts her—the man she has seen smoking one morning in the paddock.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I did not know anybody was there," Rosmond exclaims, growing angry. "I hope you are not hurt?"

"Not in the least," replies the man, brushing with great equanimity the grass and mould from his coat, and taking off his smoking-cap to see how much was strained on the crown.

"I am so sorry. But how could I know you were there?" Miss Carlisle inquires, deprecatingly. She feels very much ashamed of herself; he is saying nothing of the sort, however.

"Certainly you could not know it," he admits, still aggrieved.

"What were you doing? I believe you were looking through the hedge?" Rosmond is beginning to see through his affectation of injury.

"Well, so I was," he allows. "What then?"

"It is rude."

"Perhaps."

"Then I am very glad you got that rubbish over you." And with this she descends from her perch and walks with a stately air into the house.

The incident makes her laugh when she recalls it, as she does recall it several times that afternoon. It was such a novel way of making an acquaintance that she said to herself she made her neighbor's acquaintance. She wonders under what circumstances they will meet next if they ever do meet again. But she has not much chance of thinking of the matter, as way forgets all about her adventure in a game of bagatelle with Baron Lynn, his sister and Mr. Jayne.

Only her katherine Lynn happens to have been acquainted formerly with Lady Staines, and, on the strength of this, assumes quite a protecting air towards Miss Carlisle. She is a thorough specimen of the worst type of the "fast girl," to make friends with such a power as this dangerous girl possesses. Who knows how high she may yet stand in society? And, perhaps as Lady Katherine is the last person to be taken a fancy to this turn arts, who has come down to Lynn to take the hearts of the natives by storm—for Rosmond Carlisle counts among those admirers more than the master of Lynn Royal. The Doctor, a young fellow who is considered rather an acquisition in that remote village, and notate, gray whiskered Mr. Jayne, the lawyer and agent—being, in fact, the only two bachelors in the neighborhood—have struck at once to the broadsides of her carefree smiles.

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TIM MARPLE'S CAREER.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

Just after sunrise, on a warm summer morning, a small boy, apparently about twelve years of age, came down the street, and seated himself on a door-step. He was a ragged little urchin, with unmatched hair and freckled face; for he had no nice bath-room wherein to make his morning ablutions like most boys of his age. The city was not then supplied with fountains as it is now, and if he ever succeeded to wash at all, his basin was a horse-trough or a stable bucket, and even this luxury he did not often get an opportunity to indulge in.

Poor little Tim Marple was a boy of the streets. His one greatest care was to elude the vigilance of the police. Not that he was vicious, for, although exposed to many temptations, there was in his innate goodness of boy that laughed him to be honest and truthful, but he was afraid of being arrested and taken to the refuge, where friendless children found protection before the establishment of the "Home" with which our city is now blessed, and the child had a holy horror of this place, being willing to endure any hardships rather than be taken there.

Tim had never known his parents, and never knew for certain if he had ever possessed any. He lived for a time with old Nan Grinnage, who made out to maintain herself and the boy by assisting in a washer-woman's shop and by selling the fine lines for her many customers. These were Tim's halcyon days, for then he had a roof over his head and, sometimes, plenty to eat, before even that was taken from him to make him a good boy. But one day she died, and Tim was homeless.

On the morning on which our story commences, the boy had, but a short time before, emerged from an empty sugar hogshead, where he had passed the night. The remains of the sugar that still adhered to it had been transferred to his poor clothes, and a crevice in flies, even at this early hour, was beating about him.

Tim was counting over some pennies which he held in his hand, the remains of a small sum he had earned the day before, and was waiting for a baker's shop to open, that he might purchase a small loaf to appease his appetite, for, even if he were like some boys of his age, a hungry little mortal, when he saw a lady approaching on her return from the early market, with a heavy basket on her arm. Tim was by her side in a moment with: "Lady, please let me carry your basket?"

Mrs. Norton would have been glad of the relief, but seeing such a little chap, she said:

"I can hardly carry it myself, child; I fear you cannot lift it."

"O, yes, lady," said Tim. "I kin carry a bigger un than that un; jist lem me try."

The lady set the basket on the door-step. The boy took it up, and, with a heavy tug, made out to run along with it, seeming quite at his ease.

It was but a short step to Mrs. Norton's dwelling, and she was about to dismiss Tim with a sixpence, when a thought struck her, and she took the boy into the house.

"Now, my little fellow," said Mrs. Norton, "suppose you take this soap and towel," handing him the articles, "and give your face and hands a good cleaning. I want to see what you look like without that mask of your face."

The boy looked at her for a moment.

"Do you mean them things in the shop-window with big cases, and holes for your eyes to look through? he asked. "I hadn't got no mask on, lady!" But Tim with a laugh did as he was told, and soon came in with a bright countenance sparkling with the pleasure inspired by a thorough ablution.

Then Tim was dismissed and was going out at the door, when Mrs. Norton called him back to get some breakfast before she dismissed him, and she turned him over to Cathey, the servant-girl, who had brought up in the Emerald Isle, with a heart large enough for every distressed child in the world to find a corner in, who not only supplied him with a plentiful breakfast, but set herself to work with a will to befriend him still more.

"Shure there's a suit of Masther Harry's in the lumber room that he'll niver be after wearing at all, at all," she thought, "and the poor crature would be all the better for it!"

Having gained Mrs. Norton's consent, Cathey, with needle and thread, soon had the cast-off garments in a presentable condition, when she again made her appearance in the lady's presence. Would the mistress let the poor boy have a bath? She would scrub every bit of the room after! And then, there was a pair of Masther Harry's old shirts, he'd be as clane and as nate as a gintleman's son!

Mrs. Norton would not have recognized Tim again when Cathey proudly ushered him into her presence. The girl had run out to a store and purchased a straw hat, which he held in his hand. His face was beaming with delight at his unexpected good fortune, and Mrs. Norton thought she had seldom seen a finer specimen of a boy than was now her little waif of the morning.

As Tim passed his way, after leaving this hospitable house, he appeared like a new being. It was the first time in the boy's remembrance that he had been thoroughly cleaned, and the feeling was entirely new to him. He went along with a springing step, while new thoughts intruded themselves upon him. All his old boyish ideas were examined by his mind, and he wondered if there was not some way in this city, for a small boy thoroughly willing to earn a livelihood, and become respectable. The more he pondered over it the more he had formerly thought of with so much satisfaction as a snug place to stow away in at night, he now looked upon with a loathing indescribable.

The new sensation produced in his mind by the events of the morning had taken deep root, and, impelled by an irresistible impulse, he stopped before a small shop, which was also a room in which a number of gentlemen were sitting, some engaged in conversation while others were reading the morning newspapers. Should he go in? There was surely nothing wrong about that. He wanted to begin a new life somehow or other, and if he did not try he would never do anything. His heart did not fail him as he went into the room, finding that among all these gentlemen, looking so rich and able, there might be one willing to do something for a ridiculous boy.

Standing there irresolutely, where he had entered, just within the door, hat in hand, his brown hair, still damp from his bath, curling about his broad forehead with as much grace as if he had been the son of an aristocrat, and with such an earnest expression in his dark gray eyes, he at last attracted the attention of Mr. Barnet, an old gentleman, who, putting down his paper, beckoned with his finger for him to draw nearer. Tim quickly obeyed the summons, when the gentleman asked:

"What are you waiting for, my little man?"

The question: "I was just goin' by, and I thought maybe, if I asked me, some of these gentlemen would help me?"

"Help you! how?" asked Mr. Barnet.

"I thought if anybody would be willin' to lend me a dollar, I could begin some business with it?"

"What would you do, if you had the money?" again asked Mr. Barnet.

"I could buy something to sell again. A great many boys do that."

"Here," thought Mr. Barnet, "is one of my wife's opportunities," and he, in a few minutes, drew from Tim all he knew of his brief history.

Many years ago, before he could remember, Nan Grinnage found him in the street and took him home with her. She was always kind to him until she died, and after that he had no home. He did the best he could at night, and in the day he sometimes earned a little money by going on errands or carrying baskets; but he was bigger now, and wanted to do better.

"Suppose," said Mr. Barnet, "I should lend you a dollar, do you think you would be able to pay me again?"

"I'd try my best," answered the boy, as he twisted his hat in his hand.

Mr. Barnet, pleased with Tim's frankness, opened his pocket-book and handed him a silver dollar. "And now you must sign your names to each other, for I am, as he wrote something on a leaf torn from a memorandum book.

Mr. Barnet looked up and saw tears in the boy's eyes.

"You can write your name, can you not?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Tim, as felt a great lump rising in his throat.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Barnet, and upon being told, he wrote "Tim Marple," and, pointing with the pencil, said: "Make a cross there. That's right!" he added, as the boy did so. "Now you have signed the note," and he read:

JULY 10th, 1844.

Thirty days after date, I promise to pay to John Barnet, or bearer, the sum of One Dollar, without defalcation, for value received.

His
TIM ✕ MARPLE.
Mark.

"To-day," said Mr. Barnet, as he put the note in his pocket-book, "is Wednesday, in a few weeks I shall expect you to call at my store, No. 205 Mammouth street, to report how you are making out."

Poor Tim stood still, holding the money in his hand, overwhelmed with gratitude, but finding that Mr. Barnet had resumed his newspaper, he silently withdrew from his presence.

Tim immediately took his way to his only friend he now had. This was the washerwoman, Kitty Connor, with whom old Nan used to find employment. This woman was honest and good-hearted, but having a large family of little ones to provide for, she was unable to look after Tim. Her house, however, was a refuge for him, if he failed to procure any sufficient food by his little industries, and she kept him in a manner decent by begging worn-out clothes from her customers for him.

Kitty, like most other Irish women, was short on the subject of names, and when Tim informed her of his good fortune, she asked:

"How would you like to buy a lot of canes? You could make a good bit of money on 'em. Every gentleman carries one now a-days. I know a man whom will sell you some cheap, if I ask him; and if you will wait and mind little Sail till I get my washing out, I'll go with you this afternoon."

Kitty was as good as her word. Mr. Dolan, the man whom she had mentioned, was a countryman of her own. They had lived in the same neighborhood in the old country and had played together when children. Her influence procured Tim favor in his sight, and he not only gave him a good bargain, but, as the money was not ready for Mr. Barnet would purchase only a small number of canes, he offered to give him credit for a few more, but Tim would not go farther than his money would purchase.

"I will first try what I can do," he said, and Mr. Dolan commended him for his prudence.

Behold now our boy of the streets on the next morning, after a God-speed from Kitty, setting out on his first effort to make a man of himself.

With indefatigable energy he traversed about all day, crying as he went: "Canes, canes; will anybody buy my fine strong canes?" until they were all sold, and the proceeds carefully stowed away in his pocket. With a light heart he sped homeward to the hospitable Kitty, who truly rejoiced over his success.

When Tim's fortnight of probation was over, his persevering industry had been so far crowned with success that he not only possessed funds sufficient to pay back his borrowed money but still had enough left to carry on his little trade.

On the Wednesday morning set apart by Mr. Barnet, Tim bent his steps towards No. 205 Mammouth street. He was so intent on being punctual that he arrived at ten early an hour, and the store was not yet open.

As he gazed up at the immense building his heart almost failed him, for he thought the owner of such a place as that, with all the loans he had to transact, must surely have forgotten all about him and his dollar long before now. Yet he knew the money was only lent to him, and he felt the necessity of returning it; so when he saw two men approach and unlock the door, he summoned up courage enough to ask for Mr. Barnet, and was taken into the counting-house to await his arrival.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wonderful Watches.

A watch about the size of an egg was said to be made by a Russian peasant, is now exhibited in St. Petersburg. Within it is represented the tomb of Christ, with a stone at the entrance and the sentinels on duty. While a spectator is admiring this curious piece of mechanism the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinels drop, the angels appear, the women enter the sepulchre, and the entire chant is heard which is performed in the Greek church at eve. A watch somewhat larger, still small enough for a capacious pocket, was shown at the meeting of the society of antiquaries a few years ago. In the dial was painted a picture whether the hour was morning or afternoon in allegorical figures representing morning, noon, evening and night, which presented themselves to view at proper times. Other figures told the day of the week and month, the names of the months, the phases of the moon, &c.; but the figures of this machine were not dolls, but were engraved on revolving discs. A watch at present in the Swiss museum, is small enough to be inserted in the top of a pencil case. Yet its tiny dial not only indicates hours, minutes and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of the times when watches were worn at the end of a chain, their chief ornaments rings, breastpin and even finger-rings. Queen Elizabeth had a watch given to her by keepers, which was set in a ring like a jewel; it contained one hundred and twenty different pieces, and was so small that it was said that all the parts averaged one grain each, the balance wheel and pinion weighing the seventeenth part of a grain. In the days of Louis XIV. nothing was more common than to see a gentleman of fashion wear a watch made in the form of a death's head. The forehead of the skull bears the symbols of death, the eye-box and the hour-glass placed between a palace and a cottage, to show the impartiality of the grim destroyer; at the back of the skull is Time destroying all things, and at the top of the head are scenes of the Garden of Eden and the crucifixion. The watch is opened by removing the skull, placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand, and lifting the jaw by a hinge; this part being enriched by engraved representations of the Holy Family, angels and shepherds with their flocks. The works of the watch from the brains of the skull, and are within a silver cavity, which acts as a musical-toned bell, while the dial-plate serves as the palate.

—As there was found to be not enough money to go around, after the receipts of the recent Wagner concerts in London had been counted, Wagner fainted that the singers should be paid in full, and contented himself with a small sum.

HOW THE GUARDIANS WERE DUPED.

"It is the loveliest face I have ever seen!" exclaimed Charlie Randolph to his friend. Howard Stayne, the state prosecutor of Berrylapine art in the unpretentious town of Carne, and at present was doing the honors of host to his friend, a rising young city lawyer.

"Stayne," said Charlie, "I should lend you a dollar, do you think you would be able to pay me again?"

"I'll try my best," answered the boy, as he twisted his hat in his hand.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wonderful Watches.

A watch about the size of an egg was said to be made by a Russian peasant, is now exhibited in St. Petersburg. Within it is represented the tomb of Christ, with a stone at the entrance and the sentinels on duty. While a spectator is admiring this curious piece of mechanism the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinels drop, the angels appear, the women enter the sepulchre, and the entire chant is heard which is performed in the Greek church at eve. A watch somewhat larger, still small enough for a capacious pocket, was shown at the meeting of the society of antiquaries a few years ago. In the dial was painted a picture whether the hour was morning or afternoon in allegorical figures representing morning, noon, evening and night, which presented themselves to view at proper times. Other figures told the day of the week and month, the names of the months, the phases of the moon, &c.; but the figures of this machine were not dolls, but were engraved on revolving discs. A watch at present in the Swiss museum, is small enough to be inserted in the top of a pencil case. Yet its tiny dial not only indicates hours, minutes and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of the times when watches were worn at the end of a chain, their chief ornaments rings, breastpin and even finger-rings. Queen Elizabeth had a watch given to her by keepers, which was set in a ring like a jewel; it contained one hundred and twenty different pieces, and was so small that it was said that all the parts averaged one grain each, the balance wheel and pinion weighing the seventeenth part of a grain. In the days of Louis XIV. nothing was more common than to see a gentleman of fashion wear a watch made in the form of a death's head. The forehead of the skull bears the symbols of death, the eye-box and the hour-glass placed between a palace and a cottage, to show the impartiality of the grim destroyer; at the back of the skull is Time destroying all things, and at the top of the head are scenes of the Garden of Eden and the crucifixion. The watch is opened by removing the skull, placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand, and lifting the jaw by a hinge; this part being enriched by engraved representations of the Holy Family, angels and shepherds with their flocks. The works of the watch from the brains of the skull, and are within a silver cavity, which acts as a musical-toned bell, while the dial-plate serves as the palate.

—As there was found to be not enough money to go around, after the receipts of the recent Wagner concerts in London had been counted, Wagner fainted that the singers should be paid in full, and contented himself with a small sum.

FARM AND GARDEN.

HOUSE OF BLACK BARNES.—Charles Phelps, in the Prairie Farmer, describes the barn he has built with run as follows: "The first year of rust I cut the lumber and had it sawed, and completed in the Rocks the last year. I cut of the leaves, and left the canes standing. The result was the canes lasted out again without rust. I think it is worth other persons trying this summer."

BELLE DE CHATENAY.—The London Agricultural Journal speaks of a new violet, Belle de Chatenay, as one of the finest varieties introduced this season. They are said to be free and continuous bloomers. The editor says: "Imagine a violet measuring an inch across, very double, pure white, and sweet-scented, and you may be gained of the new acquisition to public favor."

A WASH FOR FRUIT TREES.—The sulphate of iron, called by commerce green vitriol or copperas may be bought in market for five cents per pound or less. It may be applied as a wash for fruit trees. It appears to be destructive to insects that infest the trees and pubescents to the bark, preventing new ones from appearing and their deposit of eggs. It is also a good fertilizer of every variety of fruit trees. It appears to be destructive to moss

OVER-REACHING.

It was a grand and stately-looking mansion, surrounded by extensive grounds, and approached by an avenue of trees, closely overhung with foliage. It was the first of the house was dark. At the back, only two windows in the upper part, beside the basement, showed a light. Upon the white window shades of these a shadow appeared and reappeared at regular intervals, as though some one was pacing to and fro behind them with the measured and unintelligent of a watchman on his beat or a sentry guarding his post.

The room within was large and luxurious. An ample grate at one side held a bed of glowing coals, and upon a low couch near it an old lady sat, with her feet upon a cushion and her hands folded in her lap. By the grey pallor of his still handsome face, his sunken eyes, his stillness, he was very ill, perhaps dying.

A woman was the only other occupant of the room, and she was very young and very beautiful.

She was in full evening dress, a violet velvet, made low and richly trimmed, and on her white neck shone a superb jewels.

The agent of the sick man watched her as she slowly paced the room, her velvet dress trailing the carpet, a look in her face that he could not read.

It was a strange sight—the woman in her pale sable, brilliant with beauty, glittering with gems—the man with his plucked and feather face, on which death's grey shadow seemed already set, watching her.

She never looked at him, and, in spite of her youth and loveliness, there was something hard and forbidding in her countenance.

The clock struck twelve, and still she paced. "It is time, Virginia, that James done not return," he said. "I can scarce be has been long enough to go to town and back twice."

She paused in front of the fire and answered, still without looking at him; "but perhaps he did not find either of the lawyers at his office, and he may be waiting to see Mr. Judd."

In a moment more one knocked softly at the door of the sick room.

James came in, a low-bowed, sallow-looking fellow, and stood crumpling his hat in his hands.

"Did you find Mr. Judd?" his master asked.

"No, sir; but I left word.

"Why didn't you go for Mr. Leeds?"

"I did; but he wasn't at home neither. Mr. Judd 'll be back be-night. They was expecting him every minute. I told 'em to send him to me as he came, 'cause you didn't know as you'd live till morning."

"You were very glad of forward.

"You didn't want—" her mock word as that, did you, Richard?" she said to her husband. "You think you are better to night. I am sure you will live weeks yet. I begin to hope you may get well again, you are so much better."

The sick man shook his head.

"I shall never see the morning again dear. I am only keeping up on stimulants now, I can't hold out much longer."

Then let me send for the doctor to come back, Robert."

"Doctors can do me no good, you know that. It is not a doctor that I want, but a lawyer. It is very strange they should both be away. Henry you told me the truth, James?" he asked the man suddenly.

"The truth, sir?" questioned the man, in a confused way, while he made a furtive glance at his mistress.

Virginia Aubrey put her hands behind her, and showed him a roll of notes.

"Why don't you answer, James?" she said, haughtily. "Have you told your master the truth or not?"

"The truth, of course. Why would I tell him anything else, and him a-dying?"

"You can go," said Mr. Aubrey. "Send Rufus here."

As James departed the sick man turned to his wife.

"I don't know why he should; but James frobed as if he was lying. It can't be that anyone here wants to keep me from seeing a lawyer?"

The strange whiteness crossed Virginia Aubrey's beautiful face.

"I should hope not, dear. What—"

"Who else?"

The sick man was silent.

His wife was presently and began to pace the room once more.

Ten minutes passed.

Suddenly Mr. Aubrey spoke again—

"Virginia, why doesn't Rufus come?"

"I will see," said his wife, calmly, and rang the bell.

It was James who answered it.

"Where is Rufus?" she asked him.

"I dunno. He'll like be forgot. I told him."

"Go out once and tell him again."

James departed and returned in about ten minutes.

"Rufus," he said, "has been drinking—says he'll come when he gets ready, not afore."

The sick man groaned.

"Why did you send Martha here, James," said his wife.

"She wasn't come either," retorted her husband, for a darling voice. "Nobody comes when I want them, not even my daughter. Where is Jessie? I don't think she would refuse to see me when I am dying. Virginia, you are dressed out! Do you see dying people in such costumes?"

"I was not aware that you were ill, Richard," she said, coldly. "Then did you remember, dear?" she said. "You told me to dress just the same as if you were well. You did not want to be reminded of your illness by our clothes, you said, and you told me to put on this very dress."

"Yes, yes. I remember now. You're a dear, good girl, Virgie, always humoring my whims. You've been a good wife to me, my child—considerate and devoted. You never married me for my money, as Blanche said. I am satisfied of that now."

"How could you ever doubt me?" murmured the lovely knotter.

"I don't know, but I did. And—and, Virginia, darling, I've something to confess. You know what I made my will soon after we were married, and gave you the most of my property?"

"Yes, dear; you told me. I thought it was not right then, but I made sure that you had given it all to Jessie. Then she could not think such dreadful things of me."

"You are an angel; but listen to me, my child. I was shamefully jealous of you afterwards. I was jealous of you and Harvey Gaines."

Virginia started slightly.

"I never had any reason," she said.

"I've loved him since—"

"Never!" cried Virginia.

"My darling, do you believe Mr. Judd will come to night? I am sure you need go him or Leeds again, my strength is failing. I am sure I shall not last till morning."

The face of the young wife whitened again.

"Robert," she said, "what do you want with a lawyer? Do you wish to alter your will? Do you want to leave your property to your daughter Blanche instead of me?"

"Ah, ya, no," he groaned.

"What is it? Is anything you want altered in it? I will obey your wishes, dear, as implicitly as if you had a lawyer come and write them out for you."

"Angel! angel!"

"Blanche never liked me, but I will do her justice, all the same," Virginia said.

"Read for Mr. Leeds. I know Judd is not coming," said the sick husband.

Virginia shuddered.

"You do want to make a new will then?" she said, bitterly.

"I did make one—when I was jealous of you and Gaines. I thought you had made it up between you to wait until I was dead, and then marry and enjoy my money; so I made a new will secretly, and gave everything to Blanche. I wish I hadn't. I want to alter it now. Send for the lawyers again. Virginia, do send——"

But Virginia had already flown to the bell at the first intimation of that terrible truth which she had never guessed.

The ready James, her own tool, made his appearance once more.

Mrs. Aubrey stepped out and put her hand upon him.

"Take the fastest horse in the stables, and ride for your life after the first lawyer you find in town. If you get him here in time you shall have a hundred pounds yourself."

James stared at her.

"Do you mean it this time?"

"I mean it. I have made an awful mistake. I shall be a beggar if the lawyer doesn't get here in time to make a will. Fly!"

"I will. I'll have him here in forty minutes, by the clock. The old mare won't die that soon," James said, as he dashed away.

Virginia Aubrey masked her deceitful face in sweetness again, and went back to her dying husband.

He seemed sleeping.

She glided into the next room, and swiftly removing her velvet dress, put on a soft, unrustling wrapper of merino.

"If he should wake he is to seen in a dress like that at such a time," she muttered.

Then she went and sat down where she could watch the sick man's livid face and the clock alternately.

An hour went by, and no lawyer.

But her husband still slept.

Another hour, but neither the lawyer nor James came.

She scarcely dared to breathe lest she should awaken her husband, and she felt as if she must scream with rage, impatience, wild anxiety.

Why did not James come back?

Where was the lawyer?

James was lying by the roadside, about a mile away, with a broken leg.

He had taken the fleetest horse in the stable, and not being much of a rider, had been thrown.

The lawyer was sleeping comfortably in his bed.

Virginia Aubrey stole out of the room at last — she could endure the suspense no longer — and sent another man after Lawyer Judd.

It was nearly morning then, and day was breaking as the lawyer at last rode up to the door of Aubrey House.

But he was too late.

Virginia, going back to her husband after she had dispatched a second messenger for Mr. Judd, was struck by the singular stillness of the room — by the singular stillness of the room — that awful——

She went straight to the bedside, and touched the quiet face on the pillow with her hand.

He was dead.

The woman shut her teeth hard to keep back a scream, and went to searching the house for that second will of which he had told her.

But she could not find it.

She was still searching when the lawyer arrived.

The day of the funeral came.

Robert Aubrey was buried with due pomp and ceremony.

His young and lovely widow—lovelier than ever in her deep mourning—sat in the library after all was over.

The first will, which gave her everything, was in her possession.

She sat prepared to produce it if no later will appeared.

Blanche Aubrey came in weeping, and refused at sight of her.

She never——

——sent me until when poor papa——

——and she knew it days before; and——an animal, hence the term "to be in a pig's——" to express a condition of slavery to a political party, or a class, we are unable to perceive. As to parole the word seems to be derived from the Spanish, and to mean that of bail—i. e. whip, is that the latter is to be used to arouse the victim from a state of lethargy, or to prevent him from falling asleep. We have seen the lash applied to an indolent slave to make him stir about, or as they say in the South, "get up and dance." The word done is equally applicable—"give him his due," can apply to either medicine or the whip.

He sat down to make known to the pastors, who invited his dear brother to a feast, hugged and embraced, courted and caressed him, and filled him with food and drink, and with wine and his foolish heart with confidence and credulity; and then he arose and went away rejoicing, and makes him pay it off with his blood."—Jacob.

BOYLE.

A bottle is neither more nor less than a huge branch of cotton, and is placed on the small of the spine, making the fair one who is foolish enough to wear it appear humpbacked. It is said that a female cripple once the fashionable of a question in the other sex as quite an ungallant, but the question was answered by the voluntary assumption of deformity—in addition to her misfortune. He derives your originality, and you will be sure to be original whatever course you take. The result is equally good here as completely as this fashionable bottle. A cartridge box, a fit millinery, or a bustle, is a matter of no consequence to a man who is original. Compared with it and it is no better than the fate of this hand, who can't be original. Don't say a word, but just follow the fashion, and you will be sure to be original. Don't say a word, but just follow the fashion, and you will be sure to be original.

As a matter of fact it is not original, but it is the fashion, and you will be sure to be original. Don't say a word, but just follow the fashion, and you will be sure to be original.

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

——

ORIGIN OF FINLAND—THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE NORTH—REMARKABLE OLD SAY-INGS—QUAINT AND CURIOUS PECULIAR USAGES AND MANNERS.

——

BY JAMES NEIL.

"In extenso homines est propria."
"Cur impudicis sequor impudicus."—Ovid.

"The unyielding out and thorough investigation of truth, in the first, and primary study of all."—Bacon.

B.

(CONTINUED.)

BOYNE.

It was believed that the three principal faculties of the soul were the memory, the understanding, and memory, resided in the disfigured vascular of the brain; the imagination having its seat in the fore part of the head, the middle, and the judgment, or understanding in the middle.

Thus the radical, discursive and principalial head was divided from one another by the operation of the knife, or by the application of a poultice.

BRAAR.

"Give us this day our daily bread." Skinner believes that the word bread is from bread-on, to scatter, because they bread or brayed corn, or grain. Brayed corn is the first state of the flour, towards the loaf the next is dough.

BRAIN.

To raise from leavened wheat the kneaded dough."

The seems of this great thinking which our Creator has given unto us, and which is supposedly the seat of life, is thus alluded to in the Tatler, No. 116.

"Through the necessity caused by repeated of bread-riots, (of which the church is one) the gentry's immoderate frequenting the operas, the ladies, to save charges, have their heads washed at home, and the hairdo put on them."

The Hebrew name for bread was Chem, the Greek Artos, and it appears that the Gaels and Celts gave it the name of Bra. The Greeks having been taught the art of cultivating wheat, and of making bread, were generally assisted on the country of their invention by those people, who used to call her, Ceres, before she was called the Greek goddess. The word barley somehow itself to this hypothesis, since barley bread was known at the same time with or even before wheaten bread, and because the superstability pretended that it originated in Egypt and that the Phrenean colony brought it to Marseilles. The word bread is believed by Crymander, but it was that interior specific named buckwheat, which is still called in French, sarrasin. There was a perfidial sect of heretics who were at war with epsom, and such rolls as we butter for breakfasts were invented by the Parthians, and called consequently pane Parthicus.

For a long time, bannocks were, in Europe the only machines used to grind corn. The art of constructing windmills originated, together with other inventions, with the Saracens. During several centuries bread was baked in private houses, and in particular slices of the crust of bread, which were, after dinner, distributed among the poor. As early as the year 1440 bread was sold in the streets of yeast to raise their bread.

BREAD—ITS CHARM

were first introduced by the Romans at their nuptial feasts. The moment the marriage ceremony was consecrated a cake or two of wheat and barley was broken by the name of Juno, over the bride's head, and then cut in pieces and handed by her to all the guests. This was called the confarreation, in token of the firm alliance that should subsist between man and wife.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

The origin of this term, as applied to the United States as follows: When General Washington, after being appointed Commander of the Army of the Revolutionary War, went to Massachusetts to organize it, he found a great want of ammunition and other means of defence; and on one occasion, it seemed that no means could be devised for the successful prosecution of the campaign. He then called then Governor of the State of Connecticut; and the General, placing the greatest reliance on His Excellency's judgment, said, "We must consult with Brother Jonathan on the subject." The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. From that moment, when difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a frequent, but kindly remark "Brother Jonathan," and the name has now become a designation for the whole country, as John Bull has for England.

BULLY—DERIVATION OF.

Probably of billion, French, or bellon, Spanish. It means a gallant or stirrer in the mire or billet, unwrought and uncoined. But if a remark made by a judicious critic, on that clause in Milton is right, "And ground it the bullion dross"—

the truly etymology of the word should be from the Latin "bullire," to boil. The word bullion, avowed by the critic, does not signify purified ore, as Bentley imagines, but ore boiled or boiling; and when the dross is taken off it is purified ore. Milton has made bullion a adjective here, a thing very frequent with him.

Bullion is of use whose workmanship has no value. And thus foreign coin has no value here for its stamp; and our coin is bullion in foreign lands.

BULLY—DERIVATION OF.

It came originally from "Bull," in Pope's letter inviting the bishops of the who came invested with authority from the papal court.

A Bull of Pope's letter is a letter sealed apostolic by the canonists, strengthened with a leaden seal, and containing in them the commands and decrees of the Pope. A Bull is also the leaden impress, being round, or of the figure of a heart, worn about the neck by the young nobility. These bullae came afterwards to be used for the impress of the like person and Popes, whence they had the name of "bulls."

Richardson's definition of the word Bully is to arrogate, to threaten, to domineer, to hunter.—From Bulla, the Pope and Bull.

I kiss the dirty stone, and from my heart-string I love the——bully. Shakespeare, Hen. V. Act 4, Sc. 1, old edition.

For the last hundred, there have been prodigious shoals of volunteers gone over to bully the French."—Tatler No. 66.

I conclude the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding the lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper."—Memoirs Vicar of Wakefield.

BULLY FOR YOU.

This is a vulgar phrase, a mere paraphrase how ever of "Good for You."

It is frequently applied to persons who display some trace of courage either by words or actions.

BULLY-TREE.

The origin of this term and its application to recent political events in our own country seems to be entirely out of place, or at least very jar fetched.

The bully-tree is a species of bullwing plant found upon an unruly animal, the weapon a raw hide, made out of the hide of a bull. During the fight, the bully-tree is used as a——

——a bull, and the bully-tree is used when a bogey was to be——

——stopped, the overseer was in——

——gave him as many lashes as was applied to the bully-tree, and hence the term "to be in a pig's——" to express a condition of slavery to a political party, or a class, we are unable to perceive. As to parole the word seems to be derived from the Spanish, and to mean that of bail—i. e. whip, is that the latter is to be used to arouse the victim from a state of lethargy, or to prevent him from falling asleep. We have seen the lash applied to an indolent slave to make him stir about, or as they say in the South, "get up and dance." The word done is equally applicable—"give him his due," can apply to either medicine or the whip.

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OUR FASHION CHAT.

In these hot midsummer days there is rather a dullness in matter for a chat on fashion, for the whole fashionable world is taking its holiday, and nothing stirs, save occasionally a wedding party, or a few fashionables, who are left in town, and who are driven to active business and dressing scenes of the sea-shore, or the mountains, or the cool green retreats of the valleys, and who are, therefore, under the necessity of dressing for their social throng. Nothing, therefore, is stirring in the fashionable circles. Houses are closed, and over the many look of the neighborhood, stillness and slowness of life. This cessation of fashionable activity is also felt in the dress and shops which at other times are brilliant in their display of all those charms and delights of the fair sex, which constitute the "pride of life," and which prove, they say every of dresses, fashions and all the changing adversaries of women.

The chief work among the fashionable modistes just now is designing costumes for the seaside or mountains, and the charming garden parties which are to be given in the country houses of our friends.

For mountain travel the all-wool materials are the most suitable, and they range all the scenes of soft and rough usage which one generally encounters on such a journey. These all-wool materials are woven mostly in long flame mixtures, and in dark brown, colors, the browns and grays being the favorite and generally becoming to all. Navy blue flannel serge is a singularly popular and useful stuff, and is a useful need for "roughing it" and although its texture suggests warmth, it is not uncomfortably so, as the heat is counteracted by the use of a thin silk or wool under the underskirt scant and no flounces, but a wide Tilan braid either in several rows around or arranged in a deep flounce, or in alternate lengths, long and short, the longest about five inches and the shortest about five inches. This same trimming is arranged on the plainly draped overskirt, while the basque can be cut in the same manner, in order to make the effect of the braid around and up each side of the front, and around the neck, or in rows of alternate lengths across the front extending down to the edge of the basque. Or, instead of using a little the style "militaire," only the long and short lengths do not extend beyond the line of the leg one. These braids are very much used in trimming dark wool materials, and an effective variation is produced by using the narrowest braid in one row each side of the front.

For those who wish a more dressy effect in these costumes, there are various figured galloons, combining very pretty contrasts in those colors which harmonize well with the dark brown, blue or gray of the dress. In arranging these galloons, one of those they should not be used to the same degree as the plain black braid, for a conspicuous effect is always to be avoided in costumes which are intended for traveling and mountain excursions. For wraps on such occasions, rough surface cloth half-fitting jackets are worn—and in the favorite dark colors. They are made with large pockets, and trimmed with white braid and large white buttons on the fronts and sleeves. Sometimes the braid is arranged in a star or lozenge shape to ornament the pockets and cuffs, instead of buttons. For those who consider the white linen dress an essential of the season, they can use smoked pearl and a black braid instead of the white.

Woolen costumes in tiny checks, such as black and white, brown or blue with white, and even red and white, are also in favor, and are usually trimmed with many rows of narrow worsted braid or one wide row.

The hats worn with these woollen costumes, no matter of what material, are of coarse black or white braid, bell shape, with a square scarf around the crown and trimmed on the top with a bow or fruit on the top. Another very becoming traveling hat is of the black, or brown straw in the Empire shape, which is one of the most commo ll fant, in spite of the many changes of fashion. These are always stylish and become and are trimmed with a plume de coque, black or brown, or with some bright-colored bird's breast and stiff wings, which are preferable to ostrich feathers, as these do not look well after exposed to dampness.

For the seaside there are very useful dresses in plain colored linens and lawns, which come in all the dark shades, but some of the most effective costumes I have seen make use of the sandy hue in the morning, are the bright-colored ginghams, which have so much elaboration in their decoration as dresses of more expensive fabrics. Cheviot cloth is also used, trimmed with large buttons, and braid. For more dressy occasions, dresses composed of silk are in favor, and are very rich and a most distinguo effect is produced in the exquisite embroidery which trims them. A dress composed of pale green silk was covered by a large and elegant flounce of the richest embroidery a day. If it does not quote it, go to a doctor.

A MOTHER, (Albion, Wis.)—[1.] If your color is naturally fair, you may use a little rouge, but it is better to try to make your face pale. [2] Curling fluid; Take of water, 1 pint; of gum arabic, 1 ounce; half of a walnut, and add a little rosewater. [3] We have answered this in the "Post" before, to a correspondent. [4] We answer all correspondents in the order received.

AN ORPHAN, (Hemlock, Pa.)—Now we understand your requirements, and we have no doubt you will be with what you want. Perhaps if you were to advertise in the "Post" for a companion to a lady residing in good society, and as well contribute a small sum to the "Post" fund, you would receive a number of answers by mail. With the pronunciation of "Ill Treatment" we will have to—[1] two-tar-ee.

CLARA R. J. and Ned, (Cincinnati.)—1. We cannot advise you how to remove the red spot, unless we know what originated it. You may try a little lemon juice, and a moist sponge frequently used. 2. Take cold spermaceti ointment, and rub it well into the roots of the hair, or bath, as cinnamon. 3. Take no notice of the gentleman. 4. Write and ask her to send to you yourself with such matters.

LITTLE MAYFLOWER, (Waverly, Mo.)—There is a separation used made of calcined oyster shell and burnt sugar, which is said to be excellent for the teeth. Burn the oyster shell in a clear fire until it becomes white. When cold remove the dirty portions by scraping. Grind to powder, and mix with it a little burnt sugar. Use this powder on the brush. The powder until reduced to powder, and mix with white sugar. Use this powder on the brush.

A CONSTANT READER (Salisbury, Md.)—Rodney Glendenning, a celebrated physician, was the first to consult a lawyer. You have not stated the circumstances of the case, but if the gentleman referred to was made that took the place of the engagement by the lady, you have no claim on him. Your letter must drawn up. The custom of the trade would require that you should be married.

DEVOE, (Baltimore, Md.)—If you were engaged by the lady, and she broke off the engagement, you could receive notice from them. If she was under age, or in the control of parents, and the duration depended upon the consent of the parents, you could be provided about it at the time of the agreement. We think, however, you could recover damages for the disappointment, will not be to insist upon your legal rights, as the lady is evidently in some fault of both parties, and abide by his decision.

REGINALD, (Hartford, Ark.)—"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." There are few in this world who do not have to endure their share of misfortune, and we are sorry your letter has been so complained closely or remotely by the "sorrows of Werter." We cannot answer Clytie's epitaph:

"Ere on——[illegible] or sorrow fade
——[illegible] came who——"

The opening lead to Heaven conveyed.

Ere on——[illegible] or sorrow fade
——[illegible] came who——"

The opening lead to Heaven conveyed.

SUBSCRIBER, (Ajoux, Col.)—Language of precious and flowers. [1] Take equal parts of lard and beef, and dissolved, are emblematical of "religious purity." [2] Take of white wax, 1 ounce; of spermaceti, 1 ounce; of olive oil, 1 ounce; of white wax, 1 ounce; of white wax, 1 ounce; of white wax